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LIFE'S PILGRIM.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

He hath made everything beautiful in its time.—
Eccl. Solomon.

I saw a rosy maiden
At dawn of vernal day,
With step elate and cheek bright as life!
And gay were her accents,
I saw a thoughtful matron,
Her children round her knee,
"This life of tender care is sweet,"
She meekly said to me.

I saw an aged woman,
Her hair was silvery white,
"I see a better life than this!"
And vanished from our sight.
The maid, the matron, and the old,
Through all a rolling sea now,
Were on some pilgrim pressing on,
Into Eternity.

THE LOST TREASURE;
OR
THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE UNDER A CLOUD.

On the following morning Nuria de Castanedo announced that he had business at his country-seat at Santa Maria de Rosal, which was some five-and-twenty miles distant, and that he should be absent from the city two weeks at least. He was very cordial in his manner towards Enrique, and seemed very earnest in his friendship.

"I shall not forget this week, Don Enrique," said he, "and I trust you will not forget me, either, within its term." And I trust I may yet be able to repay that."

"Pardon—say no more, I beg," returned Enrique, blushing. "I did perform but a knightly duty, such as you would readily have done had you seen good Christians in need."

"And yet you will allow me to feel grateful, my fair sir. There is a joy in pure gratitude which can only be equaled by such joy as one must feel who has done his duty as you have done yours."

Enrique knew little of the hollow arts of courtlife, and the prince so won upon him that he entirely forgot the warning of the previous night.

You must have been mistaken in your estimate of the prince's character," he said to Gomez, after Nuno had gone.

"And yet you will keep your eyes open, my master," returned the esquire, very quickly.

"Why—yes—to please you."

"Do so. It can do no harm, and may do good."

The count was busy most of the time, and the youthful knight was thus thrown much into the society of Eleanor. At first he was cool and distant, but the ice was gradually broken away, and they walked together in the garden.

One day, when Enrique was alone within one of the many vine-clad bowers, Gomez came to him with a very serious countenance.

"What now, Gomez? Have you lost a friend?" asked the knight, in a light tone, for his thoughts were elsewhere.

"No, good master," answered the man, seriously, "but I fear I shall."

"Some one sick?"

"No. Some one is worse than that."

"Ah—who?"

"My master."

"Say ye so?"

"Aye—it truth do I."

"And what has fallen so heavily upon thy mind now?"

"Pardon me, my master, and I will speak plainly," said the esquire, with much feeling.

"You are Enrique Berlanga?"

"Then listen to me. What are your intentions concerning the lady Eleanor?"

Enrique started, and a quick flush suffused his face.

"Why do you ask that?" he finally returned.

"Be reasonable, now, my dear master, and I will say what I have to say in all frankness and honesty. Thou just have learned to love the gentle lady I can see very plainly."

"No, no—not learned," cried Enrique, passionately. "I loved her the moment I first set eyes upon her. Even upon that bloody field, when I bore her to her waiting steed, I loved her. How could I help it?"

"You could not have helped it, perhaps, but you should have let the passion die in the hour of its birth."

"Nay, Gomez, you know not what you say. Let the passion die? Why, man alive, it became a part of my very being the moment it entered my soul. Let it die! I might as well attempt to strangle my gratitude to my almost guardian and protector."

Gomez gazed sadly into his master's face, and it was some moments ere he spoke again. When he did speak, his tones were more earnest than they had been before.

"My master, do you know that the lady Eleanor is the affianced of the prince Nuno?"

"He affianced? You mean that the prince loves her."

"As to his love I cannot speak; but that she is his affianced bride I can swear, made so by her own father."

"How do you know this?"

THE SERPENT.

"Wherefore?" she repeated, in a tremulous tone.

"I had better speak no more. Let me go. I cannot remain here longer. I am not a very bright—"

Her voice was stricken off at moment, for her dark bosom, and then fell upon her cheek. Had she only spoken, he might have held his secret from words, but that silent message of love moved born within its diamond depths such volumes of love that he forgot his caution, and in low, thrilling tones he said—

"Dear lady, I cannot live a life—I will tell the sweet drama of bliss which has been mine—mine only in the past. Further—gentle lady. If I am ever bold, believe me, 'tis a mighty pardon that makes me so. When I first saw your face on that day of conflict—so fair, so sweet, so prayerful in its gratitude—I felt my heart kindled as it had never been touched before. And, when I had known you better—when I found all the loveliness that lay in the reflection of all we love in loveliness within—then my heart was gone—I loved you as a true man can only love that which is true. I thought not of the consequences—I thought nothing of the wide difference in our station—I only knew I loved—that was sweet and heavenly to love one like you—and I dreamed on. But a not awakening has come. I am poor and unknown, while you are affianced to the highest noble in the land."

"Unknown and unsered by none in power," interrupted Eleanor, almost fiercely, "what have I to hope? What can come of this hot pain and despondency? Once more—speak not, and say to the thought that can give heart to your every effort; and if I could, I know that in my wanderings your prayers would sometimes follow me, I should feel my heart less heavy, and my soul strengthened."

Eleanor's hand had lain all his time within the youth's grasp, and as he ceased speaking her head sank upon his shoulder. What a scrape that his arm should fall to her waist! What a thrill of joy, or fear, she should rest there confidingly! Or, was it stronger than the loving kindness of love, to know if he was loved in return? The wish was equal to the speech.

"One word more," he whispered. "Would he more pleasure to know the Lady Isabel, and did I not hope to? I would not ask the question."

"I cannot hide the truth. Who your heart is all, all your own; and it has seen thus since first we met. I never loved before—I can never love another."

As the maiden ceased speaking she raised her head, and gazed with love in her eyes. Her full cheeks were red with heat, and a pure spirit of happiness was beaming from her whole face.

At that moment another scene was cast into the other. A man, small in size, and of a dark, cunning aspect, in the middle age of life, had stopped before the entrance; and as he saw that he was observed, he paused.

"Do you know that man?" the knight asked, slightly startled from his pleasant dream.

I have caught him dogging my steps several times" in Orleans. He is a private friend of the prince," said Eleanor, with a darkened look.

"And he will go and tell the story, your father, of what he has seen?"

"Oh! he will tell the prince, too. There is the danger," cried the maiden. "Nuno is a bold, bad man. I like him not. He is capable of the direst revenge. He spared—but," she added, with sudden energy, "I will never marry with him until I am forced to it. Why shall my whole future may bring forth? You are young and brave. Would you deem it an unworthy thing to labor for this poor hand?"

"For this hand! Oh! beauth yonder blue arch there is not another hope to compare with it!" exclaimed the youth, pressing the fair palm to his bosom. "Let us live in hope. I may make my way within even your father——"

He stopped here, for he heard footsteps approaching the place, and very shortly Gomez passed, but without looking in.

"I will go to the house. I shall see you again."

"But if I should be forced to leave?"

"I am still I will see you if you are in the city. But, oh! beware of the prince!"

"I will; but let him in turn beware!"

"No, no, Enrique; you do not count his power when you say that. He can call many men to his aid. A whole army stand ready to do his bidding. Beware of him. If you love me, beware!"

"I will—This one token—There. The Holy Mother watch over you."

Their lips met—one kiss—a hurried blessing—and they separated. Where to meet next? Where?

"Good master," cried Gomez, in alarm, as the two met, "a spy is upon your actions. A plot is being hatched up against you. The Prince Nuno has put here to his estate at Santa Maria. He has been cast in Seville."

"But what of that? What have I to do with Zerezo more than with Santa Maria de Rosal?"

"You must judge from the falsehood the prince has told. Why should he say Santa Maria when he meant not to go there? But listen: Strange things may be hidden from us. Do you remember a quaint being who sometimes stopped at the old hut on the mountain? A half crazy minstrel—named Jinchillo—who dressed oddly, and played very finely?"

"Aye—I remember him well," returned Enrique, much interested.

"I have seen him. It was he who found the prince at Zerezo. He seems to have a deep interest in your welfare."

"Perhaps only a crazy interest," suggested the knight.

"No, no. He is no more crazy than I am. He has far more keen wit than many a man who passes for an oracle of wisdom. But you shall see him."

"What did he say, Gomez?"

"I would not tell you, for he feared to speak plainly. Only this much I know: The prince is plotting your ruin."

"Impossible! Nonsense, Gomez!"

"But it is not nonsense. It is—— Ah—here comes the count."

Enrique started as he saw the count approach; but in moment he was calm, and received the gentleman as though nothing unusual had happened. Don Velasco was equally unmoved, and bowed with a quiet coolness to the knight's salutation.

Sir Enrique de Berlanga," he said, with a cold formality, "I shall have extended to you a generous hospitality. Our acquaintance is now at an end. By supplying your wants a lodge you will receive your horses. Fare thee well, sir."

"One word, my lord."

But the count only waved his hand, and turned slightly away.

"It's all over here, my master," said Gomez, "Let us go. What is to be made of?"

"Ask by all that is good, he shall yet see what I can make of it!" answered Enrique, bringing his clenched hand upon his lip.

As he spoke he strode towards the dwelling, and when he had reached it he turned and bade Gomez have the horses ready. Then he ascended to the chamber he had occupied and collected the few effects he had left there. His armor was placed upon the beast of his esquire, and then the two rode forth together.

"Whither now?" asked Gomez, when they had gained the street.

"To some good inn."

"I know an excellent one."

"Then lead the way, good Gomez, and may God lead us both. Come more we are upon the world and our own mettle."

They wended their course through the narrow streets, and as they went the young knight took little note of the stirring scenes about him. He had enough in his own thoughts to keep him busy; and they were strange and conflicting thoughts, too.

CHAPTER V.

ALMANZOR.—NEW LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

A good inn was found near the city wall next to the river, and there Enrique took up his quarters. It was towards evening on the second day of his stay there that he was aroused from a deep reverie by hearing a harp beneath his window, accompanied by a half wild, warlike song. Quickly the knight remembered the soft strains of the instrument, and the tones of the voice. He hurried to the open casement and looked out. The harper was an old man; whitehaired and wrinkled; small in stature; dressed in a fantastic garb; with a tall, conical hat of blue and red, the colors being in circles, and the top, or peak, surmounted by a huge tassel of the same colors.

As Enrique stood there earnestly regarding the quaint figure the door was opened, and Gomez entered.

"It is Jinchillo," he said, with his hand upon the still open door.

"I know him. Send him to me."

The esquire disappeared, and soon the music ceased, and in a few moments Enrique introduced the harper, departing and closing the door as soon as had done so.

"Ah, good Jinchillo, your mingling notes of harp and voice almost make me live over again the old days among the mountains," said the knight, as he took the visitor's hand.

"If they could put you back among the mountains I should like it much better," returned the old man, shaking his head.

"So you come at once upon the mystic business you have with me," suspected Enrique, with a smile.

"Yes, good sir—for 'twas for that alone I came."

"Then you have news of importance to impart to me?" the knight asked, with a sudden interest.

"Yes, sir. I must have from you a promise: You shall not ask me one question beyond what I am free to tell. It may seem cold to you, and you may hence discredit my words. But I do assure you that I speak in all sober earnestness, and my only wish is for your welfare. Are you willing to give me such a promise?"

The knight was not a little surprised at the old man's manner. All his wonted coolness was gone, as if by magic. The peculiar wildness of life and look had disappeared, and he spoke seriously and sanely. He knew from that moment that Jinchillo must be of sound mind, and that the menace of *The Branded* which he had borne could have been but the result of mere whim.

"Let me ask you one question first, and I give you answer," returned Enrique, after a thoughtful pause.

"You may ask it, of course."

"Then tell me why you have say interest in me or my affairs."

"If I answer that truth only sharpen your desire for more," said the old man, speaking a moment ere he spoke.

"No. I promise you then that I will listen, and ask only what you may be free to answer."

"Very well. I can only tell you this. Many years ago—when you were quite young—I made a solemn promise to one who loved you well, that, I would, if I lived, be near you to watch over you in your hour of need."

"It was my father?"

"No—it was not your father; nor was it your mother. There—were you to hold your sword at my heart I could tell you no more upon that point. But your father and mother would have had no secrecy upon your track who seeks your ruin—and he is a powerful one. You must leave the city for the present. I will find you a safe retreat. Had I known when old Fernando died I would have come here. But it's too late to talk of that now. The sooner you get out of the city the better."

"You speak of an enemy. You mean the prince Nuno?"

"Yes."

"And if I am to flee from him may I know what he has against me?"

"He has that he both hated and feared your father, and he hates you the more. Why this could be explained in few words, but I must not."

"Was I born in this city?"

"No. I think you may now. I will you come here with the prince and the old count. But ask no more. Can you not advise and leave this place?"

The knight stood many moments in thought, but he could gain no more intelligence. Jinchillo was firm in his refusals, and he at last he said he would. Instead so strong and sincere a desire for the youth's welfare that he latter finally promised that he would make up his mind by the next morning.

"Then in the morning I will see you," said the harper, as he arose from his seat. "But let it be early or positive."

"I am an early riser," returned Enrique, "and when the sun is up you may come."

Jinchillo promised to be there, and then took his leave.

It was nearly dark when Gomez came in, and when a light had been struck master and man sat down to talk.

"One thing I charge you, upon the love you bear me," said the knight, earnestly and solemnly; "do you know who this harper is? where he came from, or who were his former acquaintances?"

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"Upon my life, my master, I know nothing of him more than he is a friend to you."

Gomez spoke so earnestly that Enrique was forced to believe him. They were just expecting when the tramp of heavy feet was heard upon the pavement below, and it was soon evident that a party was entering the house. Gomez started up in alarm.

"Is there no way of escape?" he cried.

"Escape?" echoed Enrique, with the pride of an active innocence. "From what should we escape?"

But before the inquiry could answer the door of the apartment was thrust rudely open, and an stout men-at-arms entered.

"What now, bold intruders?" asked the knight, starting back and placing his hand upon the hilt of the heavy sword he wore.

"We seek one Enrique de Monera," replied the leader, in a business sort of a way.

"That is my name. What would you with me?"

"You must be our prisoner for a while."

"Your prisoner! and wherefore?"

"That we are not prepared to answer. I arrest you in the name of the King."

"*Par Dieu!*" cried Enrique, with a start.

"The same accusation of the priest's," whispered Gomez. "Make no resistance, as you value your life."

"If you have the authority of the king for my arrest," said the knight, "I am your servant."

"And is this Master Gomez Bandello?" the officer asked, turning to the esquire.

"At your service, sir," said the man returned.

"Your sword, Sir Knight."

Enrique hesitated.

"No, no—take not that!" he cried.

"Alas, we are order!"

"But will it be kept safe for me? I would not lose it for a city."

"It shall be kept sacredly till you want it."

Thus assured Enrique gave up his much-prized weapon, and having seen the best, and been assured by his that his property should be kept safely—he suffered himself to be led from the inn. The officer walked in advance, two of the soldiers accompanied the knight, two more were with the esquire, while the sixth walked in the rear.

The way lay through many narrow streets, dark ones, and when they finally stopped it was before a grim, frowning mass of rock, which was pierced by a low archway. This was entered, and they soon came to an iron door, upon which the officer thumped loudly with the pommel of his sword. There was a clanking of bolts, then and the rattle of chains, and then the ponderous door was swung slowly open.

"What bring you at this time of night?" asked the man who had thus opened the closed way, and who held a small lantern in his hand.

The officer gave him a piece of parchment, which he studied carefully, and then turned to lead the party to enter.

"What place is this?" demanded Enrique, as he gazed around upon the damp walls.

"It is a place where better men than you have been," returned the officer, in a rough tone.

The knight needed to ask no more. He was conducted across a small, open court—then through another archway—through another pass, which the keeper opened with his heavy keys, and when they stopped it was within a narrow dungeon, with floor and walls of solid rock, where lay mats, a couch and well-worn manacles. There were the pallets of wretchedness, and the prison tomb.

"Not here! not here!" cried Enrique, starting from a seat.

"And yet here you must stop; so the easier you make yourself the better 'twill be for you," said the officer; and as he spoke he led the knight to one of the small stools.

Our hero gazed around upon the men who were in the cell, and by the dim light of the lantern he could see that they were stern, dark-visaged people, who knew nothing of mercy in the pursuit of their calling. At last he had thought to plead with them, but now he resolved to let them do their master's bidding, and await the result.

And that bidding was quickly done, and by men who were used to the work. Stout shackles were placed upon his hands and his feet, and these were connected by a heavy chain. Gomez was secured in like manner, and then the soldiers passed from the place. Enrique spoke not to them again. He bowed his head upon his hands, that he could thus raise with it a sitting position, and waited for his examination to pass out. He heard the heavy door close—he heard the bolts secure, and the clank of the chain as it was drawn across—and when the footsteps died away, which they did almost instantly, for the solid walls possessed little power of reverberation, he raised his head. But he gazed only into utter darkness. With his eyes open or closed it was all the same. He could discern nothing in the center of the earth could not have been more dark.

Gomez, he finally said, in a shuddering tone, "where are we?"

"In the prison of Alhambra, my master," returned Gomez, from the gloom.

"Alhambra!" echoed the youth, the rattling of his chain telling how he was moved. "Do you mean that pile of dark dungeons where the Moors died?"

"Yes."

"And did ever prisoner go out from here alive?"

"I never heard of one, good master."

"But did you ever hear that men went forth alive?"

"Yes!" Gomez spoke the word reluctantly, but he dared not speak falsely at such a time.

Enrique said no more, and his companion would not break the silence. Finally they both sought their pallets, and by midnight both were asleep.

The knight dreamed that he was back among the ensenians, and that his old protector was with him; but he awoke to find all dark and still about him, and after a while he remembered where he was.

"Gomez," he cried, "is it our day yet?"

"I think it must be, not in the world," replied the esquire; "but it will never be day here till those walls crumble to ruin."

"What! must it be always dark? No light? No sun?"

"No—not here!"

"God help us!"

"If he don't I fear nobody else will," was the response of Gomez.

"Never do Castanedo has done this."

"Of course he has."

"But they said the king ordered it."

"If he did it was through some base lie of the prince."

At this moment the chain at the door rattled, and ere long two men appeared, one bearing a lantern, and the other, two earthen pots and two loaves of black bread.

"Say!" cried the knight, "can I send a message to the king?"

"No!" was the laconic response.

"Can I send one to my parents?"

"No!"

And without waiting to hear more the two men turned and left the cell.

"It's of no use, my good master," said Gomez, after the door was closed. "No mortal can get you nearer here."

"And do you think we can be shut here without the privilege of our own with those in authority? Without the least defense?"

"Of course no one. We who placed us here has the power to do so in places after he gone gains possession of a body."

"But of what crime can they charge us?"

"They have not told me yet."

Enrique began to gain light. It was a dismal, deadly light, but it enabled him to see the true state of his case. He pondered upon it a long time, while the other was eating some of his bread. At length he started up and approached the place where his companion sat.

"Gomez," he said, in a deep, prayerful tone, "we must both die—I feel assured of it—but are the blow falls I pray you to open to me your very soul. I know you hold more of the secret of my fate than you have told me yet. By all your hopes of heaven—by the love you bear me—and by the sacredness of the friendship which has existed between you to reveal to me all you know. This time I feel that I must understand you, and you must look your lips. Come—tell me."

"Ah, my master," said the esquire, "you are credit for more knowledge than I possess," replied Gomez; but he did it so reluctantly that his master at once knew that there was more behind.

"I only ask you—tell me what you know," the young knight urged.

"Well," resumed the esquire, after a few moments' pause, "I will tell you what I suspect. Death comes quietly and unannounced here. So I will tell you that which I have guessed at as well. But mind you, I was entrusted with but little, and even that was given me by slips from which I could piece together. I know that Castanedo came to the king, and that he told him that you were a knight of blood, and that you had been sent to watch over his property which would be yours if you took your place."

"But how could he have known me?" queried Enrique.

"That is more than I can tell. He may have met you before, or have been told by some one who can do much."

"Have you any clue to my family name?"

"None at all."

"Or to the place of my birth?"

"None."

"And you can tell me no more?"

"I have told you all I know, my master—all."

"I thank you, Gomez.—Oh! if I could see the king!"

"It might be no better."

"It can be no worse."

Gomez could not controvert this so he said nothing, and soon afterward they both ate of the bread and water, and commenced his morning's prayer. Ere they had finished the last petition they had found a new element—though the change is to be feared.

CHAPTER VI.

"LOST! LOST!"

Through the day—or, perhaps, what they supposed was day—for not one single ray of sunlight came to their dungeon—the two prisoners were called some, but not long upon any one subject until the latter commenced to call up some of the happy scenes at the old white cot. Until then the conversation had been dark and gloomy, and hopeful, by times, but all the hope was of a vague and mystic kind, based upon sudden flashes of indignation upon the part of Enrique, as he momentarily felt his great heart rise in his bosom; but as Gomez began to speak of the old home, and of the days as the quiet cot the thoughts of his master took on more definite shape, and he began to ponder upon their fearful situation.

At what hour it might have been, or whether it were day or night, neither of the prisoners could tell, for time had passed too heavily to be counted, and neither knew when the keeper of the dungeon passed his food into another night the clanking of the chains of his prisoners told him of the coming.

"What now?" wondered Enrique. "Another meeting cannot be near at hand."

"No—most surely not. It cannot be for late another night. But wait—we shall see."

As Gomez ceased speaking the door creaked upon its rusty hinges, and a man with a lantern appeared. He was a quiet, grave-looking man in manner, and then placed his light upon the floor, and in a moment more he was followed by a tall, muffled figure, whose features were hidden by the folds of a long cloak.

"All right," said the jailer; and having delivered this decision he turned and departed, closing the door after him.

As soon as the two were alone the new-comer threw off the cloak, and the dim light of the lantern revealed the beautiful features of Eleanor de Velasco. She stood trembling there until Enrique had arisen, and then, with a low sob, she sprang forward and sank upon his bosom. Her arms would have wound his arms about her but for the chains that bound them to his side.

"You do not think me forward in this?" she said, after she had in a little measure controlled her sobs.

"Forward, lady, angel!" exclaimed Enrique, striking into the zest to which the knight had confessed her.

Gomez saw his master give up his stool, and quickly moving his own as the maiden's side he went and sat down upon the damp floor at the opposite corner. Enrique took the seat thus proffered, and then turned to his loved companion.

"How gained you admittance here?" he asked, taking her hand and pressing it warmly.

"Let me tell you all," the noble girl returned, bending away her tears, and gazing up with a beaming eye. "Early this morning I sent a faithful servant to the inn where you had stopped. This same servant had followed you on the evening of your departure from our house, so I knew where you had lodged. She went, and the host told her you had been taken away by a party of the prince's guard, as a prisoner, on the night before, and that they conveyed you to the convent. When Blanche returned with the answer the truth flashed upon me. You were in the power of Castanedo—in the dungeons of the old Alhambra—and I knew the prince Nunez was done it. I knew he had the power, and that he would not scruple to use it when he had given me silence. During the forenoon I was—sir, I grieve to say—was bidden, and I approached him coldly, and finally I gained enough from his eyes to fill me with the measure of assurance. He spoke nothing directly, but his fiendish look told me more than he had accomplished was to be apparent.

"What should I do? Go to my father. I dared not. I was in agony—in torture of both mind and body. My mind ached—my brain reeled. I had never loved before, and I had never dreamed how deeply love could love. But I knew that I loved—I knew it.

At this point the struggling girl burst into tears, and pillowed herself once more upon her lover's bosom.

"Oh! those sacred chains!" groaned the knight, as in the whiteness of the moment, he realized the fetters that bound him. "If I could not hold thee—I cannot press thee to this throbbing heart!"

"Listen," resumed Eleanor, overcoming her tears and sobs by a powerful effort. "Let me tell you all, for time is limited. At length I thought of the king. His often met him—he had often been kind to me, and I knew that while at his throne he would not suffer me to be denied. So I made my way to the palace, and there I met with no difficulty in gaining admittance. I told the king that I must request I might take of him. I resolved to go to him if I could, for I was in a desperate mood. Blanche and Inez fainted and Blanche, and stole away. I found Alhama, and when he knew who would see him, he ushered me into the royal presence. He gave me to understand that my parents died when you were an infant. There was some mystery connected with your birth here, but what it was I know not, though I think your father fell under the displeasure of the king. And I knew that you were in danger; and from that I judged that your father would be in danger if he returned to that sort. I do certainly remember that there was some trouble about your birth—but later. The prince Nunez conversed certain to the king, and, and it may be, that he has taken your property which would be yours if you took your place."

"But how could he have known me?" queried Enrique.

"That is more than I can tell. He may have met you before, or have been told by some one who can do much."

"Have you any clue to my family name?"

"None at all."

"Or to the place of my birth?"

"None."

"And you can tell me no more?"

"I have told you all I know, my master—all."

"I thank you, Gomez.—Oh! if I could see the king!"

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CHAPTER VI.

"LOST! LOST!"

Through the day—or, perhaps, what they supposed was day—for not one single ray of sunlight came to their dungeon—the two prisoners were called some, but not long upon any one subject until the latter commenced to call up some of the happy scenes at the old white cot. Until then the conversation had been dark and gloomy, and hopeful, by times, but all the hope was of a vague and mystic kind, based upon sudden flashes of indignation upon the part of Enrique, as he momentarily felt his great heart rise in his bosom; but as Gomez began to speak of the old home, and of the days as the quiet cot the thoughts of his master took on more definite shape, and he began to ponder upon their fearful situation.

At what hour it might have been, or whether it were day or night, neither of the prisoners could tell, for time had passed too heavily to be counted, and neither knew when the keeper of the dungeon passed his food into another night the clanking of the chains of his prisoners told him of the coming.

"What now?" wondered Enrique. "Another meeting cannot be near at hand."

"No—most surely not. It cannot be for late another night. But wait—we shall see."

As Gomez ceased speaking the door creaked upon its rusty hinges, and a man with a lantern appeared. He was a quiet, grave-looking man in manner, and then placed his light upon the floor, and in a moment more he was followed by a tall, muffled figure, whose features were hidden by the folds of a long cloak.

"All right," said the jailer; and having delivered this decision he turned and departed, closing the door after him.

As soon as the two were alone the new-comer threw off the cloak, and the dim light of the lantern revealed the beautiful features of Eleanor de Velasco. She stood trembling there until Enrique had arisen, and then, with a low sob, she sprang forward and sank upon his bosom. Her arms would have wound his arms about her but for the chains that bound them to his side.

"You do not think me forward in this?" she said, after she had in a little measure controlled her sobs.

"Forward, lady, angel!" exclaimed Enrique, striking into the zest to which the knight had confessed her.

Gomez saw his master give up his stool, and quickly moving his own as the maiden's side he went and sat down upon the damp floor at the opposite corner. Enrique took the seat thus proffered, and then turned to his loved companion.

"How gained you admittance here?" he asked, taking her hand and pressing it warmly.

"Let me tell you all," the noble girl returned, bending away her tears, and gazing up with a beaming eye. "Early this morning I sent a faithful servant to the inn where you had stopped. This same servant had followed you on the evening of your departure from our house, so I knew where you had lodged. She went, and the host told her you had been taken away by a party of the prince's

"CLEAR THE TRACK."

BY ANDREA MOORE.

"Out of the way there, you woman—clear the track—take your baggage out of a fellow's way."

To whom is he speaking? To those ladies with dresses sliding upside their dust, and shelter of the depot floor? To those with handsome hats and soft warm cloaks, and with elegant little reticules hanging or baskets in their jeweled hands? To those who are leaving on the arm of a friend, brother or husband? No, to none of these. Do you think the man would be so insane as to speak in that tone to a dressed up lady? What if he is only a porter or a drayman, he knows better than that.

But this woman is no lady—if to-be a lady one must wear dresses "a world too deep," and carry pretty little reticules, and be in one's hands. She is a poor, deformed creature, with a body all twisted out of shape, and a face as hollow as starvation, as plinched as poverty, and as peaked as anxiety can make it. She looks worried and wild and scared; and more so than ever when those rough tones accost her. Poor crooked little thing, what a life hungry ones owe of her long scorn! A fine lady, so sure as you are born; and here, too—you may be sure of that—for it has her plinched face in miniature. Poor, little thing! and in the other hand the woman carries a huge basket, to which is attached a bundle of large size. This burdened she makes her way, and not quickly to "get out of the way," and close about her feet crowd three little children, who cling to her incessantly, and who seem to her mania them here.

"Clear the highroad as a brood of chickens when their mother cries 'A hawk!; a hawk!' are these poor little children to her. Frightened, for in its lap dash, and runs as much as possible into the arms of its mother, who, in the midst of spasmodic jerks manages to get along her basket and bundle. Another, a little boy, has the outside room of the depot, she sinks down, and the little ones settle around her, and remain watching the passers-by with large, wondering eyes.

No one of all those empty-handed men offered to help the woman, or, in any way to assist the overburdened creature. A fine thing it is that we are born helpless in this world, and have to live; and a fine thing that we all think we! Will any one see to it that we receive something for it? Not. Nor if she waits a carriage? How unlovely we are sometimes! She stopped awhile to rest her. Will "some one" come? Oh! may the friendly steps be hastened, for hard is the fate of such a stranger, and such a burden. Her face, alas! she looks, her arm, command hastened attention; but no one does. She has only to plead as a reason why favor should be shown—"I am a human creature, pressed by the hand of fate, and by the power of God." No man will hear this reason—a reason it is not paid to hearken; but to the and breadcloth; to gold and silver; and this is what makes men such a wretched, hard world.

Were that woman clad in costly garments, though she were forty times as deformed as she now is, there would be numberless hands stretched out to help her, and her care would be soothed by others of aid and dreamed; or were she young and beautiful, were would seek her, even though she were plain clothed, but she is old, and she is not beautiful, nor well made, and she must struggle on with her burden as she can. Then will the hand and of the way," as sort we ordered out. Yet this is not a "case" to be thought of, for there can be nothing so beautiful and graceful. What then becomes of the doctrine that in every man's heart there is inherent a love for the beautiful, womanhood and motherhood, *in the abstract?*

MAN.

Man is a mere fabric of the dust; a helpless and miserable thing, at best. He is born to trouble, flourishes, as it were, but a day; whose body is destined to mingle with its kindred dust, and who lives but a few years at most. Then we are left to and to the worm, "thou art my mother, and my sister." In this point of view how low we sink! Our creature so wonderful in its nature as man, who is so amazing in the mental which, while the body, is immoral; for—

"Of man what art, or dust returnest,
Who can separate of the soul?"

Man rises to the morning of youth, clad with vigor and expectation. He sets forward in life with spirit and hope, traveling on cattle in the difficult path of experience, and he arrives at the length, becoming more familiar with the ways of the world, he meets with many disappointments, he mitigate his duty, and find worse more easy manner of obtaining the means of life, he is apt to blur his moral vigor, and resolves no longer to be terrible with the widow's purse and the orphan's. He enters the gardens of pleasure, but enters with fear and trembling, afraid to long to pass through them without losing the path of virtue. But temptation becomes more insinuating—and man, who is ever guarded, he is allured from that high state, ever to return. He becomes entangled in tortuous and intricate paths, and the consequence is that he is lost in the paths of morality and virtue.

Let us then be careful while young; that we do not fall into vice and wickedness, so that when old age shall overtake us it may find us leading lives of uprightness, pleasure and joy.

AN IDEA ABOUT FORTUNE BUILDING.

A modern author—of sensational stories, of course—says that it is likely to make a sluggard as a speculator. It is the first step that seems to be hopeless. Then it is easy to make a beginning worthy of your future efforts to increase it. What can a person do with a few dollars? It is a question that puzzles others, or may be a issue: It is even dangerous to keep in the hands, for it must spread it to get into one direction. Such is our treatment of small sums, large ones seldom pay us a visit, and the contemporaries is that few people in common life safe money. Let them once get some hold, and we feel such a pride and pleasure in building up our fortune that we nearly abandon the enterprise. Few who have felt the difficulty of acquiring, and the gratification of possessing, can ever fail into such extravagance. This is the great merit of the Saving Banks; they form a useless for the homeless ambition, and are sure to become powerful stimulants of frugal and moral habits.

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FOREVER AND FOREVER.

BY WILLIE E. PAYNE.

In a brown, time-old book, written in by gone years,
A quaint old volume full of strange and antique lore,
I found—locked in among life's forms and hopes and fears,
This thought—as starting now as 'twas' proclaimed, of yore:

Each spoken word, for good or evil uttered,
Shall not in silence, but through God-ear fostered,
Forever and Forever!

These words of my dear friend's answer to me. To hate!
Each word we breathe, if loosed, or if false or vain,
Each word of love, or hate, or scorn, or pain,
Each word of anger, which we utter for an injustice—
Flows hitherward and thither—never ceasing,
But, as the years slide on, still keeps onward,
Forever and Forever.

I pierced the book. I said, the Text, then, does not die
But wh' ersoever one day shall in the temple stand,
Last Master,' with accusing face art set,
Holding the record in her red avenging hand,
Shall not in silence, but through God-ear fostered,
Forever and Forever?

Oh, should we not be careful of the words that slip
To manhood's noontide down the crescent of Time's curve?
Should every scruple on the curling lip
And Charity to vain Sin flower-decked be banished,
In knowing that each word, thus uttered, floweth
Through Heaven, and in the ever-living journey goeth
Forever and Forever?

THE SKELETON;

OR,

MY FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR FEE.

BY AN OLD ATTORNEY.

Having received my license to practise law in due form, not a little elated with my exaltation in dignity, I proceeded from my father's house, followed by my mother's blessing and my father's hearty "good luck, Tommy," to the small town of B——, where I had resolved "to put up my shingle."

The week after my arrival, as I was seated in my office door smoking a cheap cigar, and wishing that the white paint-brush there would get by the stars and wrangle, to give me a chance for legitimate employment in my profession, a lanky, dry, sallow, unhealthy "a gentleman," as gentlemen go, came in, and, bowing in an off-hand manner, said interrogatively,

"This is Mr. Smart?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

The visitor put on a grave air, and said, as he drew his chair near mine—

"Are you afraid of ghosts, sir?"

"Never saw one—can't say I am afraid."

"Cautiously answered like a shrewd attorney, eh? Well, sir, I am."

"You are, sir?" I asked, marveling what he aimed at, for his looks were full of mystery.

"Yes, sir, I am. I've come to consult you as a professional gentleman."

"You had best get the person, if it is to lay a ghost," I said, drily.

"The person can't do anything. It is a law matter. Hear the case, sir. I own a large house, with four rooms below, and four above. It is an old house. When I was a boy, ghost stories used to be told about it. Well, sir, I married, and left it at the beginning of the war, but some enemy rebelled the ghost out and sold it without saying a word, hence the devil were loose—in by night, as false gods by. So at last I had to let the house—was good for nothing Tom Lawless, and his wife and eight children, go into it out of charity, rent free."

"What kind of ghosts, this Tom Lawless?" I asked.

"Not his! I've just found out he made 'em himself!"

"The ghosts?"

"Yes, and the infernal noises! They stopped as soon as he took possession, which I thought odd; but now the cat's out of the bag! The fellow, who never could pay his rent, and would not let shirt for liquor, got up the scare to keep me from selling it, so that he could live in it."

"Was in Tom Lawless?"

"Well, he used to be a ragabond lawyer, begging your pardon, sir. Has in war a great wit and wag, and told a capital story, and so he spent most of his time with a jolly crew in the tavern, till his clients left him, and poverty crept in at his broken window and elbows. But though his wife and children grew ragged, and her cow died and bottle-shaped, he cared not a bean farthing, so that he could get a glass of liquor and tell a broad story, or play some prank. In his cups he is a shrewd and inventive; and been a practical joke, the ragabond! Well, he contrived to impose on me out of my house, and he has done it. Now, how shall I get him out? for now that I have proved the ghosts were his getting up, I have no hope he'll ever pay his rent, and hands. I've been up to Tom, and told him he must quit."

"What answer does he make?" I asked.

"That he has planted a crop of cabbages, and I must wait till they grow and come to head. I saw Judge Perkins an hour ago, but he says that Tom may keep on in a year if I go to law. If I sell as it, the buyer must have possession the first of next month. The truth is, the other lawyer is putting Tom up to hold me."

"Where is the house?" I asked.

"Go up to the head of Main street. You will come to a wide gate at the end, which opens into a neglected lane, and proceeding down that, and in the midst of the trees you will find the old mansion. It belonged to my great uncle. There is a story that Sir William Howe and staff quartered in it, and that a shot gun was aimed at by a lieutenant, who lowered himself in the well; and that in the old story about the ghost. They said it used to be an inset about the size of the well!"

I listened attentively, and then asked—

"What sort of ghost did Tom Lawless raise?"

"He tried to make out it was the old woman risen from the well. It was seen, and frightened folks terribly, what with the noise. But now it turns out that he was up in a loft, and let a rope run over the well, and hoisted up and down a white figure he had made!"

"Very ingenious," I answered. "If I put your house into your possession, what fee will you pay me?"

"Five hundred dollars. The property is worth nine thousand. Put it into my hands by the first of the month, and you shall be paid the amount I have named."

That very afternoon I took my shot-gun, for I was a great bird-shooter, and hunged with it, as a tool to lay true purposes, ostensibly in the direction of the haunted house. It was a timeworn, stately affair, but much dilapidated, with broken windows, battered gallery, and fallen fences, with pigs and poultry and a mangy dog occupying the untilled lawn. It had evidently been a stately old-time residence. As the gate was broken down, I entered the grounds, and was at once hailed by a group of handsome but dirty and ragged urchins of both sexes, who came in time to see as they dared, for awe of my gun.

This brought to the door a thin-faced dame, with a cross face and sallow look, for poverty and a drunken, lazy husband brings sullenness and neglect of personal appearance. She looked at me, and then called out to some one within, and Tom, brave's a man going to shoot about here! He'll kill some of the children if he ain't careful."

At this a man with an old green jacket and white trousers appeared in a smile half contempt, and looked at me, while I looked at him. I saw at a glance that this was the identical Tom Lyon Lawless. He was a little under the middle hight, but had evidently been well-built, with a jolly, lazy and mirthful face, but hard drink and hard fare had shrunken his aforesaid circumference, and he looked as if going to seed. He was unshaven, and wore an old crape hat, torn badly. There was a look of good-nature and sly humor in his eyes, and I could easily see that in his best days he might often have set a table in a roar."

I bowed civilly as to a gentleman, and said—

"Pardon me, sir. I am looking for birds, and hearing the mansion is connected with Lord Howe's memory, I have taken the liberty to come in the yard and ask permission to look at it."

"By all means, my dear fellow!" responded Tom, cordially, and quite delighted to have company and be noticed. "Come in, sir—come in! I'll show you about the old rookery with pleasure!"

I advanced, and he took me by the hand and shook it with courtesy, and said, apologetically, as he led me into the hall—

"You must excuse appearances. The best of our furniture is gone to be varnished, and my wife always takes up the carpets in the summer, and has not yet got them down, though it is somewhat late in the fall. I would ask you into my parlor, but the truth is, I have taken a fancy to have all my boots unfitting from the feet, and to be a disbeliever. Get out of the way, you ragamuffins," he added to the children, who were in a row in a young rabbit is like an old goat;" go home, all of you. The fact is, sir, the fellow disappointed me in lumber, and my agent in brick, and those poor folks' children came in and overran the place as if they were my own. Why don't you go to school boy?" he added sharply, yet with humor in his eye which he did not see, and a laugh.

"We is home, pappy."

"What sail we do, sir, to-day?" were the sensible responses of the barefooted little Lawless rogues.

You did not choose to hear, but had me run to the tannahouse for the barrel. I left aisles.

"You sir, Lord Howe quartered here. His sidekeeper and his men, and he drilled on a level piece on a bet. You see they are broad and shallow. Here are the ends of seconds all up and down the band-rail, as the officers lounged and talked, and here's a big one for Howe, as long as my arm. Come up, sir. You see the walls are all wainscoted with oak panel. All the rooms are so, below, and in the upper window. Look at the names of officers and of young English women they left at home. See, the dates are 1777 and '78. Come up the large attic room. Here they used to drill in wet weather, and the ceiling overhead is full of the sagged taypoint puncture, as they carried arms too high and stuck the plaster!"

"A fine old mansion," he said, after he had taken me over the house, and we were in the attic, gazing before the lavation from room to room. "Have you seen enough, sir?"

"Well, there are, of course, old ghost stories to tell such a house," he said, with a twinkle. "But I'm an infidel, sir!"

"What of the ghost story here?" I asked, slyly.

"Well, it was not in the house. The ghost is called the lady's spirit." They say a young officer wronged the daughter of the owner of the house, and cut her into the well when he found his crime, and that she stabs"

"Let me see the well, if you please. I am a believer in ghosts," I said, gravely.

"You are?"

"I have known several visitations of spirits to earth well established."

"You have?" I reckon it was all a chest put upon you!"

"No. I had full proof. I have no more doubt," I added, solemnly, "that the dead return and make themselves visible to the living than I believe that I see you before me, sir."

I then proceeded to relate to him some extraordinary ghost-stories which I almost began to believe myself. I stuck to the truth, and found the incredible credible in their "*nothing the truth* is mysterious shapes." I examined carefully the well and the attic, and made myself sure that no one was fully stamped upon my memory. Before I left the place I had formed my plan of operations, which I saw that Lawless was a shrewd, stubborn fellow, and that I should have to play my game very warily.

I took a polite leave of him, and placed silently a half dollar in his palm—to buy candy for the children. I then continued my way into the grove beyond the mansion, and for form's sake made three or four shots at some squirrels, to detour reached my office.

Near me was the office of young Doctor Foster, an old college chum, and out of friendship with whom I had mainly come to the village to settle. I went to him and made him a confidant, and asked his co-operation, which he gladly consented to give. He had, as I well knew, a nicotian on wires in his closet. I was a remarkable ventriloquist, and had not been a month in practice before I had my share of inquiring and wagondering.

The next day I procured a string of strong twine, which I jigged into my lak bottle in order to dim it, black, so as not to be visible by day or night, and provided a gimlet, and grooved tracks for pulleys. That night after all was still and the moon had risen, I called Doc well, and arranged all for the project. With the gimlet I bored holes in the branches of two trees, and fixed the pulleys there over which the twine was to run. This was fastened to the ridge-pole of the house, and the end resting near was clear to the other end over the well. Having secured this and made all sure, I left Doc Foster with directions as to what he was to do, and returned to my office.

That day the doctor passed Tom Lawless should drink to liquor, by meeting him and telling him he had a prescription unmistakable of his malady, and that a glass of liquor for the next twenty-four hours would destroy them. Tom swallowed the bait, and a pill so kindly and handsomely gave him, without charge, would prevent his coming to a crisis.

That night about eleven o'clock, the sinister, cold in a long robe of white linen, with a white cap on the face, was carried by the doctor to the place of operations. The doctor had covered the lower part of the face and hands with a preparation of phosphorous flour, which shone frightfully in the dark, before we left the office. I climbed the tree, and brought down the end of the cord, which I hooked to a ring in the wrist on the level of the children. A second cord was now stretched across the yard round the corner of the house, along which the ring on the skeleton's head could slip by loosing the cord in the tree, so that I could descend to the appearance of gliding along over the ground. There was a moon, and the children could assemble to our operations.

"Do you think he will come out?" I asked of the doctor in a whisper. Judge having corrected the phosphorus, we had loosed the ghastly ghost into the well.

"Yes. The last pill of bottle I gave him at dark will make him lose and sleep long. He will soon wake up. But suffer a twelve o'clock, and he will be out. I'll remember that, Doc Foster. Frank?"

I then took my post in the tree, and the doctor got round the corner of the house where the cord led.

I soon commenced groaning. After three stops moans I uttered a wild shriek. It startled even myself, and made my hair stand on end. Then all was still. Then followed a movement in the house. Then a man's head was popped out of the lower window.

I heard a man's head was popped out of the lower window.

I heard Tom say. Then, he added, "I do believe there's a ghost in the well!" He spoke in a tone of confounded pills. Why, I'm sick, as if I was drunk! But that can't be, for—"

"I never loved the like!" cried his wife, with alarm, looking out. "He vowed to come from about the well!"

I felt misgivings. It was a pity to frighten the poor woman. But then I relied on a large equivalent of the man and to the detriment of the children, and I was not professional enough to appreciate for compassion. With this salve I shrieked yonder and low, groaning shriek, throwing my voice into the depths of the well.

"Oh! Tom. Tom—this is dreadful," said the wife.

"It's haunting strange! Hark—there's groans!" said Tom.

"No. I reckon it's some foolery, just as I had, to torment me."

"It may be more, for I was wicked for you to persuade me to sell it! Oh, I'm a wicked lady. She may walk. What is it be—I hear groans!"

"Go to. Look—look at the moon! It is a clear night, and everyone glued, but a rent tone! Look—it rises from the well! Heaven and help us! It is a white figure! It is the ghost! It is her skeleton—all eaten! her ghost—her ghost!"

Slowly in the tree I drew up the apparition to the window. Tom, who had stood, petrified with astonishment, then, to those who saw it from the house. It was rather a fearful sight, and I took a little pains to make it so, using the cord towards the house. It seemed to walk on air as it came. Then I stopped it, and began to groan and swing under its white cap, and trailing its long linen shroud over the moon, as low—and then, as my groans were outcreated as if to grasp some one, and said, "Tom, I am come for you. I am come!" and began to speak:

"Tom Lawless, I have come to avenge my wrongs on thee! Thou hast pretended to raise me for thy own evil ends—I am now come to thee for my own ends! Tom, I am come for my days are ended, and thine hour is come!"

Tom Lawless was petrified, and seemed to approach him. His wife first shrieked (poor woman) and said, "Tom, who had stood, in great pity, unable to endure a shriek with which the apparition. Has it any particular name?" I asked, in a voice, creeping vaudevanely, the window, had directed its course and began to say, "I am Mary Stanley Gordon, I" Tom with a great bellow of terror, and a shriek from his wife, and calling to his children, who had gathered in a knot, slid from the low window, followed by my cries, which seemed close in his ears. The doctor, coaching up the skeleton, started it on its way to the well. But Tom was thoroughly frightened from the place.

We then secured the ghost with a clink, guided carefully up all our lines and twines, had by a playful boys from the neighborhood, and left the whole neighborhood about the haunted house awake and agog, and terrified at Tom and his wife on account of the dreadful apparition of the "dark lady" which had risen from the well.

The next morning I had a constable in the house to take possession. The whole village was astonished at the news, and Tom and his wife and children all agreed in their story; and as for Tom, he was the most frightened man I ever saw, again, those who knew him believed he had actually seen a ghost. The house was now rent free, and would have led him to vacate his comfortable quarters.

Then the bank opened that day my client paid me my fee of five hundred dollars. The purchaser was the owner of the house, to whom to which Tom was ousted, for the story of "the ghost" had spread the young country round, and no one was made up his mind not to buy; but when he was told that Tom was to go, he was quite willing.

As for Tom, the truth soon leaked out, and he never had a peace of his life after, for the children gave him no rest, and his wife soon followed him, whom I had simply come to the village to settle. I went to him and made him a confident, and asked his co-operation, which he gladly consented to give. He had, as I well knew, a nicotian on wires in his closet. I was a remarkable ventriloquist, and had not been a month in practice before I had my share of inquiring and wagondering.

The next day I procured a string of strong twine, which I jigged into my lak bottle in order to dim it, black, so as not to be visible by day or night, and provided a gimlet, and grooved tracks for pulleys. That night after all was still and the moon had risen, I called Doc well, and arranged all for the project. With the gimlet I bored holes in the branches of two trees, and fixed the pulleys there over which the twine was to run. This was fastened to the ridge-pole of the house, and the end resting near was clear to the other end over the well. Having secured this and made all sure, I left Doc Foster with directions as to what he was to do, and returned to my office.

That day the doctor managed Tom Lawless should drink to liquor, by meeting him and telling him he had a prescription unmistakable of his malady, and that a glass of liquor for the next twenty-four hours would destroy them. Tom swallowed the bait, and a pill so kindly and handsomely gave him, without charge, would prevent his coming to a crisis.

That night about eleven o'clock, the sinister, cold in a long robe of white linen, with a white cap on the face, was carried by the doctor to the place of operations. The doctor had covered the lower part of the face and hands with a preparation of phosphorous flour, which shone frightfully in the dark, before we left the office. I climbed the tree, and brought down the end of the cord, which I hooked to a ring in the wrist on the level of the children. A second cord was now stretched across the yard round the corner of the house, along which the ring on the skeleton's head could slip by loosing the cord in the tree, so that I could descend to the appearance of gliding along over the ground. There was a moon, and the children could assemble to our operations.

"Do you think he will come out?" I asked of the doctor in a whisper. Judge having corrected the phosphorus, we had loosed the ghastly ghost into the well.

"Yes. The last pill of bottle I gave him at dark will make him lose and sleep long. He will soon wake up. But suffer a twelve o'clock, and he will be out. I'll remember that, Doc Foster. Frank?"

I then took my post in the tree, and the doctor got round the corner of the house where the cord led.

I soon commenced groaning. After three stops moans I uttered a wild shriek. It startled even myself, and made my hair stand on end. Then all was still. Then followed a movement in the house. Then a man's head was popped out of the lower window.

I heard a man's head was popped out of the lower window.

I heard Tom say. Then, he added, "I do believe there's a ghost in the well!" He spoke in a tone of confounded pills. Why, I'm sick, as if I was drunk! But that can't be, for—"

"I never loved the like!" cried his wife, with alarm, looking out. "He vowed to come from about the well!"

"No. I reckon it's some foolery, just as I had, to torment me."

"It may be more, for I was wicked for you to persuade me to sell it! Oh, I'm a wicked lady. She may walk. What is it be—I hear groans!"

"Go to. Look—look at the moon! It is a clear night, and everyone glued, but a rent tone! Look—it rises from the well! Heaven and help us! It is a white figure! It is the ghost! It is her skeleton—all eaten! her ghost—her ghost!"

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

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WONDERS.

Livy, speaking of Evander, one of the fathers of pre-historic civilization in Italy, says that he was regarded with awe and wonder because he brought with him from the East "the miracle of letters," (miraculum literarum). The alphabet, then, was one of the early miracles of civilization. When a rude but ingenious race beheld their thoughts and words inscribed on bark or parchment, and re-produced to them with exactness from those mute signs, what must have been their surprise and bewilderment! There was a bridge spanning the abyss between matter and mind! There was a visible, material, immutable type for "winged words" and yet more fleeting, changing, quick-vanishing thoughts! What talk and speculation would there be under the oaks and along the hill-sides of Etruria, about the consequences of the discovery. Tradition, that fragile, mutable vehicle of history, would no longer be relied on. Facts, bargains, sayings and doings of all sorts would now be preserved in a fixed form. It was a "miracle!" But suppose some prophet had risen among them, and foretold that as ages rolled away, wood and metal would be fashioned into types for the exact and rapid imprint of these "miraculous letters;" that the vapor which rose from their simple mess of pottage would not only propel men with bird-like speed over land and sea, but with Titanic strength would drive on machines which would multiply these letters like the leaves of the forest, the drops of the sea, or the rays of the [illegible] element which rolled and flashed over their heads would come down and reprint those letters, almost with the speed of thought, and without the deviation of a single hair stroke, on the other side of continents and seas. How would their wonder at the first miracle have melted away in amazement at the last! Yet such a chain of miracles has history presented. Who can tell, who would even venture to guess, what are to be the coming links of the marvelous chain. For no man supposes that we have reached the last of them. Rather, on the contrary, according to all former analogy, each successive link in the wondrous chain will appear more wondrous than the last. Alphabetic letters, printing, magnetism, electricity, steam, each was a miracle in its turn. Each and all were necessary to be discovered, matured by patient thought and practical experiment, and subjected to various and complicated applications, before this latest wonder of trans-oceanic, trans-continental, world-compassing communication by magnetic telegraphy could bloom to its present astonishing form, making the old ideas of time and distance antiquated and obsolete. The *latest* wonder, not the *last*, even in this line of progress. The writer was present in the hall of the University of Edinburgh in August, 1837, when the experiments of Professor Alexander were made in telegraphic signaling, and a few weeks later at the New York University, at the far more perfect and successful operations of Professor Morse. We, among the rest, were asked for a communication to be sent through the ten miles of wire there arranged. The Canadian rebellion was then in progress. We wrote on a slip of paper, "The rebels have been defeated," and handed it to the electricians at one end. There was a resort to the dictionary of signs, and after puzzling with it a moment or two, it was committed to the wire, and an instantaneous and mysterious ticking heard at the other end. There too, then, was another consultation of the dictionary, and another puzzling for a minute or two, and then the message announced, with a loud voice, "The rebels defeated!" We all listened and looked at one another in mute astonishment. It was a "wonder!" There lay before us an endless vista of incredible possibilities! How far we have already advanced along that vista! The floor of that quiet room (the back room of the second story on Waverley Place—it is worth remembering) has since been changed for the continents of America, of Europe, of Asia, for the beds of the Mediterranean and Atlantic oceans, (and perhaps, by this time, for the work is in process,) of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. Those ten miles of wire have been elongated to thousands upon thousands. The rude and precarious *signs* then employed have given way successively to the vast improvements of Morse (a name which every American now delights to repeat), the Printing Telegraph of Hughes, the Autographic Telegraph (just announced) of Borelli. And we have not yet reached the end of that vista of wonders. On the contrary, each forward stride (rapid and vast as those strides have been) only serves more clearly to disclose to us that it is boundless. Instead of two men talking to each other at a distance of ten miles, we have now the sovereign of England and the President of the United States holding a conversation across the Atlantic, and the Emperor of France giving the order of the day at Algiers. Who shall say that in a few years more a message may not be sent round the world almost in the twinkling of an eye?

There is one thing attending this "wonder" which is quite peculiar, and presents to the thoughtful mind a bright augury for the future of humanity. It is the acknowledgment of God in it. The first message that glides through the pathless depths of the Atlantic carries with it the awe-stricken confession, "This is the finger of God! Glory to God in the highest!" Never, since the creation of the world, has there risen such a general hymn of praise from earth to heaven as that which has been called forth at the completion of the Oceanic Telegraph. This invests the material wonder with a moral sublimity. Man may expect great things when at every step of his progress he turns with adoration and thankfulness to Him who kindled by his own creative breath those divine faculties, and presides with a Father's wise and watchful care over their development. The earth will teem with abundance; the skies will pour down fertility; the sea will yield up its riches; nature will surrender her deepest secrets, her mightiest agencies for the use, the power, the enjoyment of man, when he shall render his grateful and loyal homage to the Creator and Giver of all.

HAVE THE COURAGE.

Have the courage to keep out of debt as long as possible—absolutely so, if you can. Debt is a species of slavery. The creditor owns the debtor to the extent of his claim, for what does the word "claim" mean, if not this? In taking our advice, you will be but obeying the good scriptural exhortation to "owe no man anything."

Have the courage to wear your old coat, or gown, until you are able to buy another upon the good, old-fashioned "pay as you go" principle—ay, and do not be afraid to have it known *why* you prefer this course. Your neighbors will think none the worse of you for your honest frankness. On the contrary, they will think all the better of you, if they are people whose good or bad opinion is worth considering.

Have, the courage to live on two meals a day—ay, even on one if two of the three you customarily partook of in better times, would now have to be procured with false pretences. And what but moral, if not legal, "false pretences," is purchasing with "*promises* to pay," which you know, in your inmost heart, there is no prospect of your meeting?

Have the courage to own that you are poor! No one whose opinion is valuable will think any the less of you for your frankness, but will rather esteem you the more highly.

Finally, have the courage to be truthful, honest and just—just to your own sense of right, as well as to the sense of others. And so you will maintain your self-respect, as well as the respect of your neighbors, and these will constitute no small capital to start afresh with, when "better times" shall have reappeared, as ere long they *will* to all who have the courage to be just in their dealings and prudent in their expenditures.

GO AHEAD.

Go-aheaditiveness, whether in Webster's dictionary or not—and we shall not pause to examine—is certainly a word in the vocabulary of the American people. Its meaning they need no lexicographer to tell them. They know it. They feel it. They act it. They *live* it in the most emphatic sense of that great verb, whose true meaning idlers and drones and day-dreamers so practically ignore. It is, in fact, the very synonym of "Americanism," and it condenses into its fifteen letters all that is meant by an equal number of words with which ... do "go ahead." Among these are energy, promptitude, clear-sightedness, decision, firmness, probity, &c., &c.—for without these no man can "go ahead" in the true sense of the term. We do not dignify with the designation of "go-aheaditiveness" the career of him who goes through life like one walking upon a sleety pavement.

The man who "goes ahead" takes no step backwards. He seldom slips or slides, and more rarely falls. We fear people, not a few, have mistaken the meaning of "go-aheaditiveness." Hence their pecuniary troubles and distresses. And it is to call back the minds of the young to the true meaning that we write. Let such profit, then, by the errors of the blunderers and stumblers around them, and see to it that they themselves start right, and keep right. With caution and energy combined—with no step taken, in business, till they are satisfied they can maintain it—they will not fail to "go ahead" in the genuine, practical sense of the phrase, which contemplates only what belongs to "real progress." Remembering this, we may all safely "go ahead" in our several spheres of duty

CRIME.

No one can read the daily papers of our great cities, or the weeklies made up from them, without being painfully convinced that we have fallen on an evil day, socially. Theft, robbery, arson, murder, and every other species of crime are stalking about with bold and bloody front, bidding defiance to every well-established principle or rule of social order. *Uncertainty of punishment* has had more to do with this sad, deplorable state of things than any other agency—if an agency anything so negatave can properly be considered. This view will be found to have pervaded the minds of the earlier writers on common law, including the best accredited of them all, Blackstone himself. He expressly confirms the opinion of a still earlier commentator, whom he regarded as a correct student of the springs of human action, that "crimes are more effectually prevented by the *certainty* than by the *severity* of punishment." This appears to have been the belief of the great French legal philosopher, Montesquieu, also. Who can doubt that this is so now? Surely no one. And therefore it is plain that the remedy is in the hands of the law-makers first, and the law-administrators afterwards. Let them look well to their duty, and stamp, as speedily as possible, upon the minds of the criminally disposed the expectation that "justice, tempered with mercy," will surely be meeted out to offenders—one and all, whether rich or poor, or of high or low degree. Herein would lie *our* chief hope for a better state of things.

CATSPAWS.

It is disgusting as well as discouraging to see how many people verify the story of the monkey, the cat, and the roasted chestnuts in Don Saltero's kitchen. On the one side are the monkies, on the other the cats. Before them are the good things of life—wealth, fame, comfort, and all the other ingredients, real or imaginary, composing that much-sought-after compound, happiness. Too lazy or too proud, if not too selfish, like his monkeyship, they contrive, in every conceivable way, to put all the disagreeable and perilous work upon somebody else! And thus drones are made on the one hand, and drudges on the other; and of this, to a great extent, comes the vast inequality of social condition which we see and lament.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER IV.

I liked Quebec much better than Montreal. Of its splendid site it is unnecessary to speak, every body having either seen it or read of it, and yet how tame seem all descriptions, when, standing upon the ramparts, one tries to take in at a glance the splendid panorama before him. Every inch of ground is historical, and imagination runs riot as you look at the spot where the gallant Burr bore off from the enemy the dead body of the brave Montgomery, or gaze at the monuments erected to Wolfe and Montcalm. The sentinels, pacing up and down with their measured tread, aid in keeping up the illusion; and as the wind whistles past, you start involuntarily, as if expecting a shower of bullets past your ears. And speaking of bullets, the little urchins who lie pérdu on the battle-field, watching for unwary travelers, have an inexhaustible stock of them, which they assure you, with precociously grave faces, funny to see, were "*actually* found there," with their own dirty little paws; also they exhibit some shining little pebbles, baptised by them "diamonds," all of which we of course pocketed and paid for, as if there were no humbug in the little speculators; bigger boys than they have told worse fibs in the same line of business—poor little Barnums!

The most unimaginative person could easily fancy himself in a foreign country in Quebec. The motley population—the long, black-robed priests, serving as a foil to the scarlet coats of the officers, and the white uniform worn by the band; the loose-trowsered, rolling sailors; the Frenchy, peasant-looking country people, driving into market with their produce in the most ancient of lumbering-looking vehicles, with bright red raspberries, in shining little birch-bark baskets. The healthy-looking female Quebec-ites, with their fanciful dark straw hats, with a fall of black lace about their rosy faces, wonderfully enhancing the brightness of bright eyes, and making even dull ones, if any such there are there, look coquettish under this pretty head-dress, so much more comfortable than our little minikin bonnets, and worn alike by mothers and daughters. Their dresses almost even with their ankles, and little or no crinoline, but such healthy, rosy faces, such luxuriant locks, and the universal little band of black velvet round the throat, of which the French women are so fond. I am sure I did not see an ugly woman in Quebec, nor one that, to my eye, was not sensibly and prettily habited, and such little fat loves of children, chattering French with their nurses. The people were as picturesque as the place, and nobody scrutinized you as they do in New York, fixing a stony stare upon you (I speak of the New York women), till they have found out everything you have on, how it is made and trimmed, and then comment upon the same to their next elbow neighbor. Every healthy and contented-looking female soul of them seemed to have business of their own, and to mind it. Now and then, to be sure, an officer or a private would take a look in passing, and sometimes we heard them say "Anglice," and that is where they did not hit it, at least with the ladies of the party, spite of light hair and eyes. A gentleman at the hotel where we staid, said, "Those ladies are English," looking at myself and daughter. English! when we talked and laughed, ate and drank, got up and sat down without once looking into a book of etiquette to see if it was "proper"!

A drive which I shall long remember, we took to a little French village just out of Quebec. I had always thought—shade of Napoleon, forgive me—that the peasant French were an unthrifty, unneat people. My delight was unbounded at their rows of neat little white-washed cottages, standing sociably and cosily together, with long strips of farms extending back; not an unsightly object about them; clean, white muslin window-curtains, with pretty pots of bright, flowering plants at the casements; rosy little children, with their bright red stockings—how I *like* to see a little child in red stockings—and clean white aprons, and shiny hair, sitting on the door-step with the family Towser, or running after the carriage, with bunches of flowers for "the English ladies," as they persisted in calling us, keeping up with our horses with a pertinacity which would have drawn out the pennies were we less favorably inclined; and gay little bouquets they gave us, too—roses just in bloom, (for their summers are late and fleeting,) and pretty pinks and geranium leaves. In the fields, women and girls were raking hay, with broad straw hats, which they pushed back from their brown faces, as they leaned on their rakes to look as we passed, quite unconscious how pretty they looked, helping their stout, healthy-looking brothers, who, with strong, white teeth, and curly hair, laughed merrily as they tossed the hay about. And yet this, like all pictures, had its shadow, for *I* saw, though they did not, the pale procession of half-paid sewing girls coming up Nassau and Chatham streets, in New York, at that very moment, home to some stifled attic, or perhaps some more noisome place, of which those Canadians, in their pure country seclusion, could not even dream. How I wished they were all in those sweet hayfields, breathing that pure, untainted air. Oh, it was a delicious picture; I could have looked at it forever, and at every turn in the road some lovely view enchanted us—some new blending of sea and sky, wood and valley, and each perfect of its kind; and so we came at last to the famous falls of "Montmorenci," where we were to have twenty-five cents' worth of a miniature Niagara, with root-beer and spongecake "to suit," for an additional fee; and truly they might have been more extortionate as far as the Falls were concerned, were it not such a damper to sentiment to pay for one's ecstacy by the shilling. Beautiful were the Falls, tumbling, dashing, and foaming down into their rocky bed beneath, where were patches of velvet moss, of as vivid a green as your foot ever sank in while wandering in the cool, fragrant woods. Of course we were pointed to the remains of the "suspension bridge," which, about four years ago, broke so treacherously over the Falls, precipitating a whole family to instant death in the boiling torrent below. A great, hungry monster it looked to us after that, as we went shuddering up the steep steps to sunlight and safety, after viewing it from below. "Not one of them was ever heard of, I suppose?" said I to our boy guide. "Not one, ma'am," replied my juvenile oracle, with a solemn sniffle that would have done credit to a camp-meeting.

FANNY FERN.

NATURAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN.

When a boy leaves his playthings scattered about, he should be deprived of them for a few days, until he learns that everything *has a consequence*—that carelessness is naturally followed by deprivation. So, when children make a litter, they should be made to clean it up; and thus, in every respect, they should be made to "balance their own books," until they learn self-control and self-discipline.

A NEW DIVING-BELL.

We met accidentally, a few days ago, the inventor of a new diving-bell, who informed us that he has recently begun to make experiments with it in the Bay of New York, and with entire success, in very deep water, as well as at common depths. The construction, as described, is new in almost every particular; especially the fundamental feature, by which the same air is made fit for breathing, over and over again, for hours in succession, without any communication whatever with the surface. There are no tubes, or other apparatus, to introduce fresh air from the atmosphere; but, as just mentioned, the same air which has been breathed for a time, and in part deprived of its vital properties, has them restored as often as necessary. This is effected in the following manner:

The diving-bell is formed of strong boiler-iron, and made double; that is, one bell is placed within a larger one, leaving a considerable space between them, which is filled with compressed air. A large air-tight tube passes through both at the top, for men to enter. A capacious tube surrounds the bottom, which is filled with water, to keep the bell upright. Four valves in this tube keep the water in place when partly empty. Small tubes, with stop-cocks, lead from the air-chamber into the water, in such a manner that jets of water may be thrown, at will, into different parts of the bell. These diffuse the fresh air in the water in all parts, and at the same time remove the foul air. Thus, if our ideas on the subject are in general correct, any number of men may remain at the bottom of the sea, even in several hundred feet of water, as long as the compressed air in the chamber retains force enough to throw jets of water into the air in the bell; which, of course, must offer a resistance proportioned to the pressure of water above, increasing with the depth.

Persons acquainted with science, we think, will fully comprehend the principle at a glance, and perceive that it is correct in theory. By breathing, the oxygen in air unites with portions of carbon (or charcoal,) in the lungs, and forms the compound gas, or carbonic acid. This is deleterious to life, and, when in large proportions, kills. Now, as sea-water contains small quantities of pure atmospheric air mixed in it imperceptibly, a jet of water will give out oxygen to the air through which it passes. And, beside this, as carbonic acid is soluble in water, the carbonic acid produced in the diving-bell by the breathing of the persons in it will be taken up by the water thus jetted in, and fall with it to the bottom.

Our informant remarked, that no pains had been taken to bring this invention before the public, he being rather averse to it in the present state of things.

REMARKABLE CONCURRENCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

We have been struck with the remarkable concurrence of several circumstances existing at the present time, all of which seem essential to the success of the great enterprise of the day—the *intercontinental cable*.

The state of peace in Europe, and especially between the maritime powers, would seem to be indispensable to the undisturbed prosecution of the difficult and delicate process, which was several times interrupted by other causes, and for a time generally believed to be impracticable. If France or Russia had been at war with England, probably the attempt would not even have been made.

Harmony between Great Britain and the United States was also necessary, and hostilities between our country and any foreign naval power would doubtless have prevented us from embarking in the undertaking.

Without suggesting other circumstances which might have occurred and proved adverse, we may particularly mention the timely discovery and successful preparation of gutta percha, with which the wires have been coated, and which is the best, if not the only perfect protection known for that purpose. It possesses the qualities of being a non-conductor of electricity, easily molded when warm, retaining any form given it while kept cold, tenacious, water-proof, imperishable by time in air or water, neither swelling, contracting, warping, splitting nor crumbling, and but little heavier than water.

This remarkable substance was entirely unknown in Europe and America about ten years ago, and some time after its discovery was required to prepare and apply it for such a use. Truly there is a providence in all this!

A CITY SAVED BY A STUMBLING HORSE.

General Washington thought that let a horse only keep on his legs, he would be responsible for keeping on his back. We admit that it is generally desirable for a horse, especially a general's horse, to be no stumbler. But good rules have their exceptions, and circumstances alter cases. The fall of a horse once saved a city. In this wise it happened. About 569, Alboin, the brave but savage king of the Lombards, was besieging the city of Pavia, in Italy. The resistance of its inhabitants was determined and prolonged, though in the end it was unsuccessful. Gibbon says "the royal camp was fixed above three years before the western gate of Ticinum, or Pavia. The same courage which obtains the esteem of a civilized enemy, provokes the fury of a savage, and the impatient besieger had bound himself by a tremendous oath, that age, and sex, and dignity should be confounded in a general massacre. The aid of famine at length enabled him to execute his bloody vow; but as Alboin entered the gate, his horse stumbled, fell, and could not be raised from the ground. One of his attendants was prompted by compassion, or piety, to interpret this miraculous sign of the wrath of Heaven; the conqueror paused and relented; he sheathed his sword, and peacefully reposing himself in the palace of Theodoric, proclaimed to the trembling multitude that they should live and obey."

DAY DREAMS.

Our night dreams, however much they may annoy us, are by no means as great evils as day dreams, against which the young cannot be warned too frequently or too earnestly. They are ever paralyzing to their energies and destructive to their hopes in life.

Of all eras the present is most unsuited to day dreams. It is an age of activity. Vigilance, as the appropriate associate of activity, is one of its most marked characteristics—that "eternal vigilance," which one of our own most honored political sages so forcibly declared to be "the price of liberty."

Young man! Have *you* been indulging in day dreams? If so, wake up! Rub your leaden lids, shake your drowsy limbs, and look the sun in the eye! Dream not of success in life, but go straight to work and *win* it. Take life as it is. It is full of realities—stern realities. He who dreams, and lags behind, at an epoch like the present, will find all the prizes in the hands of others.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE time and labor are worse than useless that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge which it will be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas which we must hereafter remember to forget. An ancient teacher of rhetoric always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others, for, in that case, he had not only to plant in but to root out.

WE are sometimes disposed to choose our friends from the unworthy rather than the worthy; for, though it is difficult to love those we do not esteem, it is, perhaps, still more difficult to love those that we esteem much more than ourselves.

IT will puzzle you to find any place in field or garden that has not something *alive* in it. Every leaf has folks, every bud a tenant, every blade of grass a small look-out, every sunbeam or moonbeam a wing in it.

WE once saw a soft and gentle and languid female infidel. She recoiled from a feather, shrank from an insect, and shrieked at the sight of a mouse; she had courage to confront and defy nothing except the Deity.

WE are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designers are usually nothing more than the prey taken from the very snares we have laid ourselves.

A BURGLAR was caught last week in Pittsburg with twenty-three watches in his possession. He was the greatest "thief of time" we ever heard of—except "procrastination."

FROM the small hollow of the dice-box arise fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies—as many evils as ever flew from the box of Pandora, and not even hope remains behind.

PEOPLE are always pleased with those who partake pleasure with them; hence there is a maudlin sympathy among brother topers, but this is fellowship, not friendship.

SELF-LOVE can gild the most nauseous pill, and can make the grossest venality, when tinseled over with the semblance of gratitude, sit easy on the weakest stomach.

A VERBAL uninquiring assent, even to a truth, is less meritorious than the conscientious error which is the result of patient and candid investigation.

A PETTIFOGGER in one of our Southern towns got into a quarrel, and was chastised by a lawyer named Boyle—in other words, he got into hot water and was *Boyled*.

WE congratulate the British upon their sub-marine connection with us: in peace we shall give them lightning, in war we may give them thunder.

A GENTLEMAN, finding his whiskey-punch a little too hot, blew it with his breath to cool it. "Blowing your own *horn*, I see," said his comrade.

A VETERAN editor of Ohio says that every passing year sets a mark upon him. Of course he may be known by his *year*-marks.

THE tree is an eloquent preacher all the way along to latest fall; and it utters a funeral sermon then that ends with a blue bird's song.

MARRIAGEABLE girls would do well to remember, that, although half a loaf is better than no bread, a half man is much worse than none.

TWO companies in Tennessee are wrangling about the location of a railroad. They have thrown dirt enough at each other to make the embankments.

WHEN the color begins to desert a woman's face, she often takes to painting, and then she never deserts her colors.

MANY a writer seems to think that he is never either profound or practical except when he can't understand his own meaning.

WE do not know when we have heard of a more appropriate marriage than a recent one in Ohio of Miss *Kirk* to Mr. *Buskirk*.

THERE are some pretended christians who would frighten us from the joys of this world in order to have them all to themselves.

TRUE beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjoined by nature herself.

WISDOM is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.

IT must at least be confessed in behalf of the ladies that they never before so completely *filled the eye*.

IT seems a great pity for some writers that they cannot steal genius as well as its productions.

GIVE substantial aid if you can: tears are but drops of water—what good can they do.

WHEN you receive a kindness remember it, when you do one forget it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A YOUNG man residing near Glasgow, (Scotland,) was not long since prosecuted by a young lady for nearly fracturing the spine of her neck in attempting to kiss her, she having resisted the attempt. The case seemed to be going hard against the defendant, and he said that he would make any apology, reparation or sacrifice to give satisfaction to the young lady and her friends, even to the marrying of her. His offer was at once accepted, and he was soon placed in a condition that gave him a right to kiss the fair plaintiff whenever he should please.

A BERLIN letter-writer says that the young Princess of Prussia (formerly Princess Royal of England) has greatly shocked the Prussian Court, by *actually carrying a chair across her boudoir* instead of ordering one of her attendants to do it for her! She has also been detected in putting her own bureau drawers "to rights," which is a piece of usefulness to which it seems the royal family of Prussia had not the slightest idea that a princess could be put *and live*.

A COMPANY of sailors, who were rambling over Borneo, not long since, came upon a huge orang-outang, which they pursued to a thicket, and slightly wounded with a pistol ball. The animal yelled with rage, and turning upon the sailors, seized one of them, who was some distance in advance of his comrades, dashed him upon the ground, and beat his brains out with a stone, before the rest of the party could come to his rescue. The orang-outang escaped.

DURING the visit of a party to one of the groves of gigantic trees in California, a reckless young man attempted to climb one of them, with the aid of a set of irons for his hands and feet which he had had made for that purpose. He succeeded in ascending to a hight of about sixty feet, when he fell to the earth and was crushed to a shapeless mass.

THE Germans of New York are a jolly, health-loving people, and show their regard for their constitutions by having festivals in the open air with a frequency which the natives of this glorious Union cannot comprehend. Their "Turner Society," which is devoted to athletic sports, numbers six thousand members.

A SHORT time since a boy belonging to Masardis, Me., set out from that place to go to Oxbow, in company with an old man who had provided himself with a bottle of rum. A few hours after, the man and the boy were both found dead drunk by the roadside, and two days subsequently the boy died.

A LITTLE boy, some four years of age, named Smithrov, living in Williamsburgh, recently got hold of a vial of chloroform that was in one of his mother's bureau drawers, and drank a portion of the liquid, which occasioned his death in a few hours.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is said to be making out an account against the United States Government for damages done to his business and property by the "invasion of Utah," which will foot up something like half a million of dollars.

AN assemblage of clergymen, recently held in Ohio, passed a resolution disapproving of the wearing of hoops by members of the church, and declaring that they considered the wearing of them inconsistent with Christian character.

A PARISIAN lady not long since ascended in a balloon from that city, and landing in the country, she was set upon as a witch by the peasantry, and seriously maltreated.

THE distinguished American chess player, Paul Morphy, is carrying everything before him in Europe. The best players of the Old World have been vanquished by him.

TWO sailors recently fought a duel in New Orleans; one of them was wounded and the other killed—one laid up and the other laid out.

AN aspiring, inventive genius of Boston has recently got up an apparatus for towing ships by balloons.

NEW and rich fields of gold have been discovered in Australia.

A SUMMER MORNING'S WALK IN HOBOKEN.

BY MY MOTHER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Again I walk the river's path,
And see in days of old,
The dew-crown'd shining waves
That leap and laugh and roll;
Again the green leaves o'er me dart,
And gentle winds are stirring still
Their host of lighted wands,
While in the distance morning's fires
Kiss the great city's spires.

But sadness only wears my soul;
And vainly smiles the hour,
And vainly flies the cadence
Of every joyous thing,
And summer wears the Persian hues:
All I better love the tempest's wrack
Than morning's golden gleam—
For, mother! since no more with me
Feel such sleep the wave and tide.

Once thou didst bend, and oh! what joy
Was mine as by thy side,
I walked and heard thy tender voice
Give counsel pure and true;
But now—thou art far, far away
By other scenes, to other joys,
While Time's swift moments glide,
And I, in this dull city stay,
To mourn thy fading form again.

What books I new to speak the cause?
Time never is in flash of noon—
Hush! hush! the wind is sighing
Across a shadow's shrine,
But through the other glimes and
And Him may see nearest the hat,
A love that is divine,
A seer's deep love, dear mother! still
Will trace for thee through all the ill.

And here beneath the morning's shine
That sheds the wave, I kneel,
And to thine angel-bosom through
My grief-rent spirit send—
That thing most here, thy gentle brow,
Above the present wears I here—
Age that is beautiful,
And that my heart is steaming stir
In tears, oh, mother, bless thy son once more

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

CUPID AND CUPIDITY.

Alice Boothroyd had now reached an age at which it became necessary to inform her of the arrangement entered into for her marriage with her cousin, Vincent Hilton. The poor girl had long suspected the existence of some such compact; and, as her child and Hilton grew older and the intelligence, she listened to their pompous description of the influence they indeed Vincent and Boothroyd and — most command—the amount of wealth they would enjoy—with familiar to those with which the condescend criminal listens to the sentence which annihilates the future, and leaves existence a blank.

It was in vain that she turned her eyes, eloquent in their own despair, upon the countenance of her mother. No glance of sympathy or attention responded to the appeal; and the heart of the victim sank within her. *As for Sir Norman*, his daughter knew by bitter experience how perfectly useless it was to expect any compunctious visitings of nature in that quarter. He loved his child, it was simply because she was his. The fond parental love that watches over and sustains—the pure and generous feelings of a father—had no place within his breast. Pride and ambition supplied their places as the shrine of what he considered dignity. The baronet had long since sacrificed everything like human affection to the pride he upheld to it scarcely cost him a second effort.

"You see, Alice," he observed, as her ladyship concluded the details of the engagement, every word of which fell with painful distinctness upon the ears of her child, "every care has been taken of your happiness."

His daughter unconsciously repeated the word.

"That jealous will be worthy the fortune you bring, in the settlements I have taken care the dignity of the family has not been forgotten. Your cousin will unite the name and arms of the Boothroyds."

Alice shuddered at the thought his words suggested.

"Your diamonds will be magnificent," added her mother; "the countess I know, upon your marriage, intends to present you with the greatest portion of them, and, for my own part—"

"I detest diamonds!" interrupted the victim; "they cannot bring happiness! they are worn by repulsive where coxcombs are but selves!"

"Impudence!" and ashes!" exclaimed Sir Norman, with a look of astonishment, "what can the girl mean?"

Her ladyship replied only by a shrug, as if it was an subject far beyond her experience and comprehension to solve.

"Father!" exclaimed Alice, throwing herself upon her knees, and clasping his hand in supplication to the annoyance of the baronet, who had an intense horror of anything like a scene—"much this thing he'll must the happiness of my life be sacrificed to a marriage to which my heart has no share! I can never love my cousin."

"It is not necessary that you should love him," observed her ladyship, perfectly unmoved by her appeal; "that is to say, love him with that silly, romantic passion which attaches a husband to his respect," she added, with a glance at her husband, "in a manner lasting for life."

"Certainly," said the baronet, flattered by an idea which coincided so perfectly with his own sentiments upon the subject.

"Father," continued the fair pleader, "you know not how much depends upon the decision of this moment: there is more than the happiness of a poor weak girl trembling in the balance."

"Of course there is," replied Sir Norman; "the dignity of my family."

"The obedience of your child," replied Alice. "Urge not humanity against its strength. I have never yet willingly disobeyed your slightest wish, much less your commands: have some pity then upon my sufferings, and release me entirely from your counsel—that I am ready, quite ready, to promise; from me not to wed against my own."

"Lady Boothroyd!" exclaimed her husband, pale with anger, "what is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct? Is this the way in which you have trained my daughter? Are these the principles fitting the heiress of Meldrewe? I am shocked, quite shocked. When! when I have arranged an unexceptionable match, liberal settlements, taken due care of the family interest, even to the lifting of the Boothroyd arms on a shield of pretence—are all endeavors to be met by a timid, which, however well it might sound in romance, is perfectly ridiculous?"

"Perfectly ridiculous!" repeated her ladyship.

Alice rose slowly from her knees, her heart crushed by the unnatural want of sympathy in her parents, but not subdued.

"Go, child, go to your room," said the baronet; "read your prayers—that portion of them which inculcates filial obedience; your mother will point it out to you. I have no time to attend to such things. The earl and his family dine with us to-morrow, on Thursday is the drawing-room, after which the engagement will be announced, and—"

"Brother!" added the dark girl, firmly, "I cannot, even at your command, consent to stain my life by a falsehood. Here I must swear to love, honor, and obey the man you have selected as my husband, when I know him to be mean, ungenerous, selfish, and depraved!"

For several moments Sir Norman stood gesticulating by, speechless with anger—and she with passion only, but with uneasiness; for that was something in the tone in which the refusal was uttered as well as the manner of the speaker, which whispered to him it would be no easy task to bend her spirit.

"Lady Boothroyd," he muttered, at last "this is really too much. Can you account for this unnatural obstinacy—this horrible ingratitude?"

"Only by supposing that some unworthy person has destroyed her sense of duty," replied her daughter.

THE DAUGHTER'S APPEAL

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE FIEND OF THE HEATH-SIDE.

It soon became apparent to those around him that the days of Sir Norman Boothroyd were numbered—that the blow of the republican leveller, Old Death, could neither be warded off by the baronet's shield of ancient quarterings, nor turned aside by the skill of his physicians. The skeleton finger of the grim king of terrors pointed mockingly at the last hand of the herald in the escutcheon, which the dying man had been so vain as to set to duty in his funeral. It had painted with a sterile vanity nor to many an imperial crown—to the coronet of the nobleman—the scroll of the gentleman—and even the priest, and always with the same result; for Death, in the early and vast conquests he must have conquered beneath his trend, and earth's highest monarchs lost the trophies of his conquest; his deeds are chronicled in verse more wondrous than those which Homer sang or Milton framed—a solemn ode commencing with time, and destined to end with but eternity.

It would be difficult to decide whether surprise or terror predominated most in the mind of Sir Norman when informed that he had but a few brief days to live; he had calculated on thirty, or five-and-forty years longer, at the very least, and had scorned almost like an impertinence for Death to intrude on the arrangements of the owner of Meldrewe Park and twenty thousand a year; yet, when he deigned to the physician who broke the intelligence, he might have expected it after the fashion of the reply of the Con Lacre, and the progress of new ideas.

He was the fact of having caught the fatal fever from his late Majesty's state ball, could reconcile him to the prospect of taking up his last abode in the same dark vault which he applied so many of the long line of the Boothroyds.

His pompous mind had lashed within his soul it some touch of human love and human sympathy, he would devoted almost to the memory of his wife, like a ministering angel, hovered round his bed, anticipating his wants, praying for, and, when he could not find his mind in the direction of Heaven, made some impression on the heart of the baronet; but he observed to his wife, who replied her when, were not by continual watching, nature exhausted, Death is the only real conqueror; and he applied so many of the long line of the Boothroyds.

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"Sir Norman must be told," said Lady Boothroyd, conceded the alarm those around her evinced, and the fatal result of which she was perfectly aware; "he will require the assistance of his lawyer, Mr. Marshall, in the arrangements he will wish to make for his family."

"Send for my lawyer?" he cried.

"I have done so," quietly observed her ladyship.

"Even from the grave—since I must die," added Sir Norman, bitterly, "I will watch over the honor of my house."

Mr. Marshall, in the auto-room, he arrived from Exeter last night, will you see him?"

"Yes," replied the baronet, after some exhausted to speak—intimated his assent, and the man of deeds and parchments was admitted. He came, with the usual stereotyped look of professional sympathy upon his features, and began to express a hope that his honored client and patron felt better.

"Pah!" muttered the dying man, "I understand all that now. I want no compliments; I require you to take instructions for—"

Here the speaker gasped for several instants, in order to recover breath.

"Your will, Sir Norman," said the lawyer; "certainly a very prudent precaution; we never die an hour sooner for arranging our affairs. Some persons are nervous, cancelling my attempt, upon such occasions; but where the mind is strong—"

A glance from Lady Boothroyd interrupted the harangue; and, taking the hint, Mr. Marshall drew his chair to a small table near the bedside of his client, and prepared to write.

The baronet pointed to his will, intimating that she should read the last clause—an order her ladyship inclined to resist; but there was an expression in the cold, grey eye of her husband, warning her it might be dangerous, for a single stroke of his pen could cancel the settlements he had made upon her.

With a look of resignation she obeyed him; and the dying man, like a momentary gratification at having triumphed for once over the iron will which for so many years had governed and molded his.

In less than an hour the lawyer quitted his client, carrying with him instructions for a second will. Lady Boothroyd met him in the anteChamber. Her features were pale with excitement and suspense.

The word "will" was the only one that escaped her lips.

"As you could wish," said Mr. Marshall; "ill Alice refuses to wed her cousin, she forfeits the estates."

"Is whose favor?"

"Yours."

A smile of proud satisfaction lit for an instant the features of the hypocritical woman who had manœuvered thus successfully against the despair of her only child.

"And the secret of her accepting him?" she whispered, "the settlements—"

"Remain where they are," replied the lawyer.

"When is the will to be executed?"

"To-night; I have sent on business to Lee."

The man of law withdrew, and the saloons of Meldrew Park—now doubly dark to the inhabitants—sad down to reflect upon her future proceedings. Her husband was dead, and lying before the open window, for the purpose of Mr. Marshall to read the will. Of the others, as usual, all slept, the least wished to see—Andrew Silex.

The sudden and unexpected change of his guest frame slightly beat by time, perhaps, since we last described him to our readers, but in other respects the same.

"So," he said, soaking himself, without the slightest sense of respect or deference, to the table of Lady Boothroyd, "Sir Norman is dying."

So surprised was her confidence by the unexpected visit, she could merely bow her head.

"I must see him."

"Impossible!"

"There is no such word," observed the old man, sarcastically, "when opposed to my will. You thought to steal a march upon me; you forgot when you had to deal with Silex. This will has been tampered with."

"Impudent of the kind!" exclaimed the lawyer; "and I am surprised that you should respect a man of my profession."

"Pshaw!" interrupted Silex, "I know the value of words."

"Show him the instructions," said her ladyship, with more tact than she had was the only way to satisfy his suspicious nature.

Although somewhat astonished at the command, Mr. Marshall placed the papers in his hands.

Andrew drew from his pocket his large horn spectacles, and deliberately read over the instructions. When he came to that part which, in the event of the refusal of Alice to marry her cousin, gave Meldrewe to her mother, a half-emotional chuckle broke from his thin, parchment lips.

"Ah, ah! we to look at I expected," he observed, "but still—"

"You had better leave us for a few minutes," hastily interrupted Lady Boothroyd. "Mr. Silex and I have private arrangements to make over."

Much as the lawyer marveled at the order, he unhesitatingly obeyed it. It was not his interest to offend her.

"Leave scarce," continued the speaker, as soon as she found herself alone with the speaker "you must be aware that I am in a position to guard against the ingratitude of—"

"Of your daughter," added the old man, sharply, for she drew to a screen for by one of the windows of the apartment.

"What is it you complain of?" resumed his mistress, in the arrangements. The personals out of which your silence is to be paid are the unentailed—"

"But you are benefited," muttered the old man, bitterly.

"Does that gall you? Would you sooner deal with me than Mr. Thornton?" replied the artful woman; "we have you both in our power, and I am his son William. It is to guard against that the will was made."

"Mr. Thornton," repeated her hearer, with unusual interest. "Why, what can he have to do with it?"

"Alice loves his son," answered her mother.

A sudden light in which Mr. Silex had not contemplated the affair, and he began to ask himself if there was any reason for his unexpected visit. He could not refrain from giving one of his usual sneers at the intelligence, as it was so different from the annoyance of others.

"Perhaps," observed the old man, "perhaps" the steward, fixing his eyes upon her as if to read her secret thoughts.

"Not so," replied her ladyship, without flinching from his gaze; "I have but one wish: to see my daughter the wife of Viscount Hilton. And she will be his wife," she continued, after a pause.

"Perhaps," muttered the old man; "perhaps."

"There is no 'perhaps' in the case," exclaimed her ladyship, passionately. "Do you imagine that

At this accusation the cheek of Alice became suddenly flushed, and then resumed its former paleness.

"You see," added the malignant woman, "she cannot deny the accusation."

"I did not suppose," continued the lawyer, "that the pompous possessor of Meldrewe Park could no longer restrain his passion, but with angry vehemence declared that he would cast her off—but to be beggary—her sole inheritance his malediction, if he encountered further opposition to his will."

"This is the villain," he added, roughly grasping her slender arm, "who has robbed me of the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Alice, or any girl in her senses, would prefer love, as it is called, and poverty, to the splendid offer of so unfortunate?"

"I don't know; there is no saying what girls prefer," answered Andrew; "they are the only beings I never could thoroughly understand. Is Sir Norman really so bad?"

"Why ask the question?" demanded the artful woman, calmly; "you know as well as I do that he has not more than four-and-twenty hours to live. Your spies did not forget to inform you of these particulars."

The observation was a shrewd one—the question had been put to try her.

Satisfied that his interests could not suffer, in fact, that he should rather gain than lost by the estate falling into the hands of the wife, instead of the daughter, her visitor took his leave. As for the baronet, he had long looked upon him still as contingent, and cared very little how soon he slept in the vault of the Boothroyds.

Immediately after his departure, the scheming woman proceeded to the chamber of her husband to wait out the rest of her orderly design. He terminated so appeal Alice might make should more him, her helpfully sensed, and by of her bedside of the dying man, determined not to leave him by himself till the will was duly executed, and all was over.

That none might it was signed and sealed.

For some time after the signature, Sir Norman appeared buried in profound reflection. Nature—for there must have been some touch of human feeling in his hollow heart—whispered to him that he had acted unjustly. As the hour of dissolution approached, the pride which had sustained him began to lose its power; perhaps he thought, too, of the brother whom he had so cruelly wronged. Death holds the eyes of its victims in a mirror, in which they see themselves as they really are, not as self-flattery, worldly admiration, and prosperity have painted them.

Alfred, in one of his immortal tragedies, exclaims, with whose cooperation—

"Man—not thou great or vile—lie, and
Consider in extremes."

A secret at all times terrible, but doubly so to those who stand face to face on the brink of the verge of the grave.

The father of Alice had been doubly unfortunate—first in a narrow selfishness which had been born with him, and rendered him incapable of the better use of kindred. He had grasped at all; but the first forgot that an hour must come when the inheritance should pass from his cold, unfeeling fibs ashes to his hand. Secondly, in marrying a woman, if possible, a hundred times more selfish than himself—a creature greedy, avaricious and cunning, who wedded him for money, ruled him like a puppet, and dangled him for the wast of man intellect, the absence of which supplied with strength—a creeping thing, who in poverty would have prevailed and found subsistence upon those she had injured and insulted in prosperity.

It is a sad task to describe depravity in women; but the cause of all sacrifices is the depravity of calculation: it is like painting an angel with a demon's visage—a sight to make the saints of all climes.

Have intensely the true benefit of the world, when very

To the lady Boothroyd justice, she had all along been, and still was, perfectly sincere in her desire to see Alice the wife of her nephew Hilton. The marriage would not only confer upon her a reflected title of position, but earn her with the favour of the family, should the dark practices which had depraved Lillian of her birthright ever be brought to light—a contingency for the suit of Carlingford she might brave the exposure her arm could not avoid.

"Norman," she said, as the faint struggle of remorse in the heart of her husband became evident, "you are distressing yourself unnecessarily."

The baronet regarded her anxiously.

"I know my sin," he answered; "while I hope, a possibility exists of gratifying the anxious of our hearts, we make every effort to succeed. Those are our children, our prayers and our love. It is against those that I would guard you; were Alice once convinced that her union with William Thornton was impossible, were the solemn burden of a promise made to her mother to her deathbed placed between her and her weak passion, she would at once forget the idle and accept the husband we have chosen for her. This is what I would urge, ualice," he added, "you are content that the name and blood of your mother more should mingle with that of the man whose popularity ensured you to a cypher in your own property, and deprived you of your just influence."

At the name of Thornton the evil passions of the dying man rekindled, and every kindling fire fed.

"She is obstinate," he groaned.

"Her obstinacy may be broken," calmly observed his wife. "Alice will never have the courage to brave your weakness."

The suggestion thus artfully thrown out was not lost upon her husband, and when his daughter, whom the physician had forbidden to enter the room anyone, returned to his chamber, proceeded to put it in execution.

"I am dying, Alice," he murmured, as the weeping girl knelt by the side of his bed, bathing his hands with her tears.

"In peace with Heaven, I trust," she faltered; "in peace with all on earth. It is enough to die—to die with one smiled thought within our hearts, even for our enemies, but doubly so against those whom we should love. Father," she added, "if ever I have been wanting in duty, it was the thoughtlessness of youth, and not want of affection. My heart was once so light that a single smile suffised to banish the recollection of a thousand cares. Forgive me that—forgive me all the pain and anxiety I have caused you, and bless me with a parent's blessing."

"Blessings are for the obedient," replied Sir Norman, harshly, "not for those who, with duty and affection on their lips, can see a parent die, and not yet withhold the only consolation which could recall his passage to the grave."

On hearing these cruel words, the poor girl trembled violently. The terrible struggle she had foreseen was at hand.

"Ask anything but that," she sobbed. "Leave me, if you will, to govern my own heart in its love—fully, and never question your justice or affection. But do not—for pity's sake, do not—embitter me to a fate so loathsome that death would be a welcome refuge. Why should the coldness of your child—your only one!" Think of the days when I climbed upon your knee, and first feigned the name of father! I will avoid me then. In the memory of those innocent and happy hours spare me—spare me. I plead," she added, "in the strong agony of a breaking heart. Save me from the politics of a marriage I abhor, and I promise—faithfully promise—never to be the wife of my cousin, so I am spared the misery of becoming Hilton's."

And so pursuit the name of Boothroyd to become endless," observed her father, indignantly. "Have you no pride?"

Alice could only answer him with her tears.

"Will you see me die," he added, "shrouded and unhappy? Have you forgotten, to added, "how terrible a thing it is to receive a father's curse?"

The piercing shriek which broke from the lips of his unhappy child as the last word fell upon her ears, and the look of hopeless agony which followed it, shook the resolution of the dying man, and he hesitated, as if his better angel for an instant had arrested the unnatural imprecation on his lips.

Lady Boothroyd, who was standing half hid, by one of the curtains of the bed, from the sight of her daughter, marked this with delight.

"A death curse," continued the baronet," which time can never cancel, which, with a pursuit's indignation, I——"

"Hold," said Alice, with desperate firmness, "will nothing but my misery content you?"

"Nothing but your marriage with Hilton will," replied the mother.

The victim of parental tyranny and injustice laid her head upon the bed, and, as if exhausted by forebodings; then slowly uttered the words, "I promise."

"Without mental reservation of my kind?"

"I promise," she replied, "if there come any need, I shall be his."

And, overcome by the effort, the poor girl sank, in a state of exhaustion, by the side of the bed.

Lady Boothroyd rang the bell, and with the assistance of the servants, who came in obedience to her service—carried the senseless form of her daughter from the room.

Alice slumbered; and a dull, almost stupid, look of despair settled upon her face as she awoke. It resembled her mother's. She was several years younger than her husband, and in the days when she could have been considered still some gentle or generous feeling, long years with its very best, had not been dimmed and stolen from and the many small artifices at the command of the petty intriguer, had rendered her a true copy of her mother.

"Father," she said, in a voice which was perfectly comprehended the instructions she had received.

Having thus obtained the privilege against a second interview between the father and her child, and feeling that the continuance of the struggle was beyond of a had appeal to his feelings, her helpful impulse led to the bedside of her dying husband. He had acted that part she wished him to act, and desired not how soon the drama ended.

As she reappeared in her room Sir Norman was in the agonies of death. The struggle was terrible, and was rendered more awful by the presence of his brother, who, with his face buried in the bed-clothes, was praying for the departing soul.

"Do not suffer your young sickness," said the heartless mother, addressing the servants; "on account, in whatever degree, of the chamber of her father, and when she recovers give her the space."

The woman could not estimate this as perfectly by comprehended the instructions she had received.

Having thus secured

OUR GIRLS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Our girls they are young,
And gentle and witty;
As sly the world ever knew—
Tells not about Spanish
Cremona or Dutch,
Or Grecian beside their summer skies blue;
But gives me our home,
And the girls that are in it,
When sprinkled with cream and dew.

Each lip like a blossom,
Each face as pure as a pearl,
As white as the last puffed snow—
With eyes only flashing
Like spring bobolink dashing,
Or bit fresh as valley below!
All smiling with beauty,
All doing their duty,
Where shall we brother get?

O, ours are the flowers,
The sweetest, the rarest,
The purest and fairest I know.
Their hearts are the truest,
Their love is the best,
Their worst is still not bad.
O, give me no other
Than ours, sister, mother,
Our two are the chosen for me.

THE WOUNDED TRAPPER:

OR THE HEROINES OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

When our hardy Anglo-Saxon pioneers began to subdue the wilderness of Maine they found the Indians neither friendly nor forbearing. The red man held the memory of many wrongs, and he sought to avenge them upon every possible occasion.

Among the early settlers was a man named James Hall, who selected a spot for one of the farms of the Androscoggin, not far from its junction with the Kennebec. His family consisted of a wife and eight children, and a blind man, named Jacob Moore. They built a stout log-cabin close by the river, and as well as the ground would allow. At the end of a year Mr. Hall and Jacob had not only got quite a garden under cultivation, but they had also traveled over much of the surrounding country, and found it to be excellent land; so Hall wrote to some of his friends in Massachusetts, and induced them to come down and settle. A party of them came and viewed the country, and on the following spring six families came. The women and children came with Mr. Hall, and the men broke up the Androscoggin to raise their cabins. There was enough land for them all, and when the men had finished their cabins they went to work and built a block-house.

Mr. Hall had been allowed several times by the Indians, though none had as yet made any direct attack upon him. He knew that they were eager enough to rob and murder the white men, but he had hoped that would not be the case with the people of the kind so near the settlements lower down the river.

At length the new-comers had their cabins built, and they were ready for the spring-time hailstorm. Mr. Hall was glad of this, for there were rumors over the border-land occasionally that depredations farther up the river, and he would now have neighbors to help him in case of an attack. Early one morning the new settlers were all ready to go down after their families, and Mr. Hall and Jacob Moore had promised to accompany them.

"Do you think it is safe to leave Sally and me here alone?" said Mrs. Hall, as she saw her husband getting ready to depart.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Why," returned the wife, almost ashamed of her fears, but still unable to hide them, "may there not be some Indians lurking about? They may discover that you have gone, and take advantage of that circumstance. They may know that we have much of value in our cabin, and may mean to rob us."

"O—ho," said Hall, lightly. "There is no possible danger. The Indians are not near us. So don't be alarmed. But," he added, with a laugh, "you will have guns and ammunition enough to fight a score of them with."

Mrs. Hall knew that the men were very anxious that her husband should accompany them, and she said nothing more, though her fears were by no means allayed. She knew that it must have become pretty generally known that the new-settlers had considerable property in the cabins, and she also knew that the Indians would not hesitate to come for plunder if they could secure an opportunity.

As soon as breakfast was over the boats were got ready, and the men went off down the river. Mrs. Hall closed and barred the bolts, and then slowly attended to other household affairs, and when this was done they sat down by the door with their sewing. They had been engaged about an hour or so, when, as they were making it up into garments Sally Hall was about, found occasion to ask some of age, and besides loving her father and mother, it was suggested that she loved another. And I may say that it was very evident that Jacob would never have come down into the settlement of Maine if there had been no stronger attraction than the mere wages he was to receive for his labor. As the mother and daughter sat there at their work they talked of everything save the one subject that most occupied their thoughts. Mrs. Hall knew that Sally was thinking of the Indian, and Sally knew that her mother was thinking of them, and they both tried to think that their fears were very foolish, and to keep them in themselves.

Noon came, and having eaten a simple dinner without setting any table, they resumed their sewing. They had been thus engaged for but a short time when Sally, who sat nearest the door, was startled by the sound of a footstep in the wood. It was a crashing, rushing sound, as of some one hurrying recklessly through the brush, and the next instant she started to her feet.

"Did you hear it, mother?" she asked.

"I hear it now," was the reply. "No—no! Don't go to the door! It is the Indians!"

But the maiden of Sally had sprung to the door and locked out. "It is a white man. It is Marston the trapper."

She shrank back into the cabin as she crossed speaking, and in a few moments more the man came staggering in. He was pale and wan, and covered with blood. He took a few steps more, and then sank down upon one of the coarse beds against the door.

"What is it?" cried Sally, stooping over him.

"*The Indians!*" he gasped, struggling to his elbow. "They have got four bullets into my body, and would have had my scalp if they hadn't found my traps. Water—water!"

"Let's help him first," said Mrs. Hall, after a moment's hesitation, "and then he'll tell us more. He can't talk now."

Sally saw the force of this remark, and she forgot her own fears for the while in her anxiety for the sufferer. This Marston was a trapper, who hunted mostly in that section, and who had often stopped at the cabin as he went to and fro up and down the river. Sally brought him water, while her mother helped him remove his heavy coat, and He had received two wounds upon the right shoulder; one in the breast, which had torn up the scalp without fracturing the skull; and one in the right side, the ball having entered just below the ribs, and passed out near the pit of the stomach. They washed and dressed the wounds as well as they could, and while they did so he told his story. He said that he was about eight miles above there, engaged over his traps, when he heard the report of a rifle not far off, and at the same moment his dog fell by his side. He started up and was more half dozen savages close upon him. He knew it a moment, from their howlings and leaping, that they were thirsting for blood and plunder, and he considered it his safest course to flee. His did so, and as he turned they all fired upon him. At first he did not know how badly he was hurt, but he began to realize it as he ran on, and he came very faltering several times on the way. He thought the Indians must have left some pickets on board or, anyhow, some prisoners, or they did not seem to give him chase immediately.

Marston was very faint long before he could tell his story; but he managed to raise himself upon his elbow, and ask if Mr. Hall was at home.

"No," said the hostess; "he has gone down the river with our new neighbors, and will not be back before night."

"I knew he was going," resumed the trapper; "and I fear the Indians know it too!"

"Why do you think they will so know?" asked Sally, in sudden alarm.

"It is true," whispered Marston, with a groan and a sigh of bitterness. "I won't deceive ye to make ye hopeful."

"Then you think they'll come?"

"I'm afraid they will."

"Then we must be on guard."

The trapper tried to answer, but he could not. He had been growing fainter and fainter all the time he was talking, and he had now severed away entirely. His wounds could do no more for his then. If he savages were coming they must be at work to secure their plunder, for what direction should their efforts for safety be made? For some seconds—perhaps a minute—they stood upon each other in silence. They were both very pale, though not overpowered by terror. The thought of flight was upon them.

"There is no use in fleeing," she said.

"No," returned Sally. "If we do that, and the Indians come upon us, we are surely lost. We had better remain. We will bar the door, and keep our watch at the windows and loopholes."

"If Marston could only help us," suggested Mrs. Hall.

"And he or not helped us!" said Sally. "We owe him much, and if we can we must do it. Anything for the sufferer we will see to. I am calm now, and we must be calm. We must be prepared for the worst, as I fear they will, we must be prepared for all the resistance within our power. We had better fire the first shot, for then we may kill or disable one death would be the least of the evils we have to expect."

There was no more recorded Sally, with a decision of character that was truly heroic. Her mother and Marston saw that the rifles were loaded. Plenty of ammunition was at hand, and from a drawer Sally took out a pair of pistols, and a small horn of powder and ball, and these she loaded with care. She was no danger to be apprehended on their way to the cabin, for the Indians were not near enough to bring only their pistols along with them. There were ten of them, Marston said, and plenty of powder and ball to go with them. They were well armed, and pioneer's wife and daughter knew how to use them. They often came from the wood with the game of their own shooting, and they thought they could do a steady aim, even in the hour of peril, and so did Indian.

Mr. Hall had taken the precaution, when he erected his cabin, to make loop-holes between the logs, so that, if he so learn, by a simple plug could keep them stopped, and they did not fail to service. There were three small square windows, situated about four feet from the floor, one in each end, and one on the back side, the door being opposite the latter, and facing to the south-east. The women had seen that the tin rifles were loaded, and that the powder and ball were kept where they themselves upon the watch. Sally had taken her station at the window looking to the westward, and ere long afterwards she saw a dark face peer out from behind a tree at the edge of the wood, and then another and another, and at last a full dozen more she saw two more. She called her mother to her side, and told her what she saw. She trembled violently; but they whispered words of encouragement to each other, and they nerved their nerves and composure.

At the same time they regarded the idea of placing some of the men's beds upon sticks, and passing them to and fro before the windows, hoping that the savages would think from the shadows that there were men in the cabin. There were four beds, all different in shape and color, and they were accordingly so fixed that they could be used in the manner of each other, and though they could by been done, when a long, loud, hideous whoop burst upon the air, and a company of savages came leaping from the wood, swinging their rifles and tomahawks in the air. The rifles in the cabin had been placed where they could be used in an instant, and as quickly as possible the muzzles of two of them were thrust between, and quickly fired. The woman saw one of the savages stagger back, and the rest hesitate.

"Load!" cried Sally, casting down the empty rifle, and catching up another. "If we fire quickly they may think they have quite a force to contend with."

As the savages also took deliberate aim and fired, and her mother was not a second behind her. This time two of the Indians leaped backward, though only one fell. The rest brandished their tomahawks to the wood; and as our heroines thought they might be watching the cabin from their cover, they hoisted all four of the hats to the window, and held them close for some moments, as though men's heads were crowded together there.

"They certainly think we have men here," remarked Mrs Hall, "or they would not have gone back to the wood. If they knew we were here alone they would have rushed upon the door at once. Our shots, following each other in such quick succession, must have deceived them."

"Yes," returned Sally; "and I've been thinking that, if they should come back again we could deceive them still further. Just load all of the guns that loaded rifles so that we can fire them at once, and then we will load the rifles at ease."

The idea was a good one, and therefore was long in planning ere its execution. The fifth time that the savages approached the cabin again they would come upon the north side, where wood was scarce; to that quarter, the trees being been left standing to within two or three rods of the house, in order that they might be a protection from the cold blasts of winter. There were five little loop-holes upon that side, and as four of them were made in the logs, and the fifth was left hanging there after the pieces had been cut out, they could easily aim and fire one and her daughter were quickly at their stations.

"I can see from here if they come," said Sally, "and before the savages can reach the door we can fire. But no fire first, to that we consider four shots are necessary to kill or disable. Will you know so?"

Mrs. Hall could not trust herself to speak, and she made a sign of assent. Sally looked out upon the wood, while Mrs. Hall stood her husband's rifle in readiness.

All this required but a very few minutes, and as soon as it was done Mrs. Hall joined her watch upon the wood, while Sally came to look-out. Marston was very faint long before he could tell his story; but he managed to raise himself upon his elbow, and ask if Mr. Hall was at home.

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CROMLEY VALE.

BY ALICE CARY.

O wind, that hear'st me at the day
Complaining in the trees and way,
Where is the sweet face of my light?
Wherein does valorie all delight?

And while the Day, with red or bright,
To the black portions of the night,
Yet, where? looks in silence and in fear
From shattered valleys sacred and dear;

Shakespeare and Spenser, they are gone!
Then, with thy siren breath my heart,
Alike to wind and human part,
Pause a space on my soul:

And, from the Shakespearian tone
The answer is here on only tone,
Such, as by looking lightly upon
And by the sinuous ins a wing,

Thou answerest, and the fields serene
Beneath me roll away like green,
And make a wood before my eyes,
With all its marvellous leaves.

Waves hanging by their many feet
Along the rocks, and flowers meet for
Alike to wind and human pity,
For all my love, to-night, is mine.

And now the thing of darkness' close
The misery sense of mere, and to I
Among the corn and honeysuckle sweet,
Less Cromley Valley, at my feet.

Who sendst me that, thy self-born I
A river lying in each arm,
And all in all enclosing here
Which summer from the year may choose

My heart beats against the sense of you
O Cromley Valley landscape green,
And place me at last your pain
Forsaken me, and my arms are wide

Above my soul I cannot find
The golden wonder of her hair.
A youth must, a maiden, each
A light touch of her him hand,
And my cast cast in the sea
All barren beneath no stone to lie,
A dim discovered, my soul.

TURLEY'S DEFENSE.

BY SHERIDON HUNTER.

One cold winter's evening, as a party of merry-makers sat around the glowing fire of a public-house on the western borders, relating each his adventures in his own peculiar way, the following fell from the lips of a participator in the scenes he portrayed.

"You all remember Turley, of the Arroyo Hondo Mill?" he began, when it came his turn to tell his tale.

"We've been o' him of old," responded several of the party.

"Well, he was a fortin ahead o' the best man that came here, till one night he sighted—for they won't a human in the hull country as hadn't had a shot at him—a big grizzly, as was a-comin' down out; and yer for all that he'd traveled from Vellon in the valley of Taos so well, they turned round, turned his mates, and left him to make his dog! I war that, and send the bull on't, and it war jus time up to.

"He and two others had come down from the mountains to a branch of the Arkansas, and while cookin' one night on its banks Ned Vellon says, says he:

"'Boys, let's go down and see Turley.'

"'Agreed,' says I, 'for he's alone as is good to look at.'

"So why the next morning we set off for the ranch, on the Arroyo Hondo, and found Turley in good spirits and with a grip of welcome like an old bear's hug.

"Well, we slipped around that for two or three days, playing cards and drinking whiskey, when a report came in that the cursed natives had fix and murdered Governor Carson and all the Americas they could get hold on, and war gwine to seize Turley the same way.

"He pooled at this Turley did; and when I told him he'd better be with us, he laughed at me, and said he'd been so lead to them, that he didn't believe they'd injure him, even though every other foreigner in the country was cut off.

"'Well,' says I, 'Turley, I know'n you've a good heart, and trust them Greasers is a good sight better'n I'd use 'em; but you don't know 'em quite as well as this old hearse for all that; and they're on, you'll see, an this shack as less all around the place afore long.'

"But he paid no attention to me, and didn't do nothing to prepare for a siege, till one morning a man named Christmas, who'd been off to the settlements, came in, and he'd with a mule load of whiskey, pulled up at the door, and said:

"'Look out, boys, and take keer o' you h'ar! for the infernal Mexicans and Injuns has rose, and killed Governor Bent and a lot of Americans, and they're now coming this way in great force!' and never saying one to me and my friends, what'd come out to see him, he wheeled his hoss and skedoo'd off like lightning.

"I went in and told Turley what war up; but he only laughed, and said he'd seen a heap of great rebellions that he'd connect to the gain being closed, and burned, and the buildings put in a state of defense.

"We'd jest got the thing done, though, when one of we boys, who'd been watching the direction in which they war expected to come, called out, in a loud voice:

"'Here they is, for sure; and we'll be made meat on, for nothin, unless we can show 'em what a few lead poppers!'

"Hurrying to the side of the watch, and looking outward, I saw the timid imps coming up on the t'other bank of the Arroyo Hondo.

"'It's a fact, boys—you're right!' says Turley; 'and we've got to work now—for I'm afeard they'll be on it up in the matter.'

"Well, we set to at once; and afore the sighters had come up to a-speaking distance, we war all ready to 'an'ver after their health.

"Whin it had been jest all square afore the place, looking as wicked as grimly b'ars, and mumbling well nigh on to five hundred dickens—perley, red, and black—all covered with gum, bows, and arrer—the first thing they done war to send on a party with a white flag to parley with the commander; at the same time selling him that the Governor and every other American in Fernandez and El Rancho had been killed, and that every one of the foreigners in the valley war to meet with the same fate; but that, on account of former kindness, they'd spare his life if he'd go with and persuade his thar bloody band to retire.

"Turley war a trump; and now that his blood war up, he didn't stop a minute to think; but told the shieving Greasers, of they wanted anything he'd got, eyther live stock or food, they'd have to get 'em the best way they could.

"At this the cowards drew off to a safe distance, to hold a sort o' council of war; and as soon as this war over, they broke up into companies, and pitched in in torrents.

"Well, boys, it looked sort o' black for us now, I tell you; for nobody that war five hundred of 'em, with muskets coming up every hour from the different parishes, and safe there that war only eight o' us to defend the place; but no man thought of nothing but fight, and we all swore to stand by Turley to the last.

"The Greasers next began to bile themselves amongst the rocks and bushes around the ranch, and then to blaze away whereinsever they thought they could do any damage; but we war all ready for 'em; and the moment any one of the imps showed in a chance, some one of our rifles rubbed him out.

"'Two is gone, good men, with a clean shot, mought have kicked the hull on 'em. I do b'lieve; but we war pressed on like as many sheep, as I couldn't do nothing but wait for chances. The ranch, you see, war down in a steep village, which war all covered o' rocks and thick cedars, and they could hide themselves a'n't and fire right down into us, while we could only get a shot by accident like.

"Howsomever, we done the best we could, and perseveringly all night, and had the satisfaction of now and then hearing a thief hoot as his comerades took him back for a quiet die.

"As soon as it got dark, we quit firing, and spent the half night in canning balls, cutting cartridges, and making up things all right and tight; and the next morning, when the fight began again, we found but a lot o' savages had crawled into a stable, which stood a little apart from the t'other buildings—calculating, I 'spect, as they'd git us handsum.

"Finding it warn't to go, though, they wanted to get right away; but to do that like, they had to cross an open place what war plain in range; and they now and again, as we downed a lead on any on 'em, he war a goon bower, so they war a kind o' skeered to make the attempt.

"But at last one of 'em, who as he'd war a Pueblo chief, popped out with a lump and he war off like lightning; but I never knowed nothing. Well, he war no sooner throwed than another one o' the thieves made up to him, to jist the same, and he can into the stable; but one o' the boys blazed away at him through the crack what'd been made for the purpose. The kind of shot we'd ginerally use out Turley's rifle ground, when there war a big g' Vulture. But the pledge war bound to have that Greaser, and there more on 'em jumped out after another, and got a hold on him, and—as just lifting him off the ground, when three or four more run and drive at them, and they jest fixed the pile.

"This war a little more on the grizzly beats could stand easy, and all on 'em jumped out at wound and let a sevéral volley right into the stable, and then run in under.

"Thar we war now, only six or us to do all the fighting, for one war gone, and two more had gone away at the dogs every chance we got.

"Well, nothing more on 'em 'peared, and we warn't skilled right away, but had a ball plain through his body, and suffered pretty considerable mind I tell you. 'Ells war gone to the back door though, we did 'Dee, and didn't want to go to see what he war up to; so we good as dead; and we told him into the distillery, what war right on the side of the ranch, and kept out of grain, so as he mought take his last tramp in a good soft bed.

"As we war leaving this to go and look after t'other, he raised himself up, and sung out:

"'Well, we is done for, boys, but send some more o' them treacherous dogs to their master afore you're rubbed out proper like.'

"Well, we all looked back, when all at wound the imps outside got awful double, and we war never what could be the cause, though we 'spected they war agwine to serve us some trick, and so kept our eyes skinned, and our rifles on the boys sign out!

"Then the devils has fired us, and we're gooses sure as preaching!

"'Is we's go down to see, my lads?' says Turley; 'for I've got plenty o' water here, and we'll keep our shanty from catching anyhow.'

"I said, as we'd got plenty o' water to the fire and though it war purty fierce at fust, we could put it down in a hurry, and our buildings put around as the hull burn.

"Well, that the Greasers war gitting new spunk up every hour, and that if we didn't do something to 'scare 'em, they'd be on us afore we now held up for a general council o' war on the matter; when Turley says, says he:

"'Boys, we're in a tight place, and things is gitting wus and wuss every minute. We can't git down to see if the fire has burned to a ground us; but if we can hold out till night, every man may go to the devil, and we'll have a purrint—that there's the only way I know on.'

"Well, there war the fire, and there war the water that we should fight out the arrizonne, and at night each o' the boys should make for their self, and now hold